LOOKING FORWARD

One of the great principles upon which the government of the United States of America is founded is the separation of Church and State. In the nearly 150 years which have elapsed since the Constitution was adopted by the original states this principle has been steadfastly adhered to.

Our citizens, mindful of our own Colonial religious dissensions and of our hard won civil liberties, have endeavored to the utmost to keep our politics as free as possible from religious issues or religious domination, and thus safeguard our land from any approach to the religious wars, quarrels and civil dissensions which have cursed the Old World. With this goal in view, they have freely granted to churches of all denominations the right and privilege to uphold their ideals. At the same time they oppose the return of any priesthood to equal or superior political rights with the civil power.

For this reason, therefore—except for loyal Catholics who lend an affectionate and respectful ear to the words of the Pope in Rome—there will be only an intellectual interest in the lately issued Encyclical of Pius XI on Christian marriage, including divorce, birth control and the cooperation of Church and State to make Canon Law the civil law of the land in the various nations where the Catholic church has its adherents. Catholic man was made for Christian marriage, which was ordained of God and therefore cannot be abrogated, altered or broken, the Pope reminds his followers. Civil marriage, on the contrary, was made for American citizens, regardless of the church, say the laws of most of the states of the Union. The church, Catholic or Protestant, upholds a religious ideal. The state deals with a social contract. Therefore, while Roman Catholic Canon Law may easily become the law of Italy, it will not become the law of this country.

Where birth control and divorce are concerned, the Outlook does not view with alarm. It sees no inherent evil in either one. Their use is good or evil depending upon the spirit behind them. For that reason the Outlook is concerned not with their use, but with their abuse. To disseminate information about birth control is still against the law of this country, absurd as that may seem. A careful survey of the different forces influencing America at the present time makes it clear, where divorce is concerned, that any national divorce law put through now would be likely to spring from a spirit similar to the one which inspired the prohibition law rather than one which would commend itself to intelligent men and women. For this reason the Outlook believes not in viewing with alarm, but in more education on both subjects.

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

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and Independent

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Next Week in the Outlook

Our Failing Banks, by Frederick R. Barkley.

Nearly 6,000 failures in ten years—one bank out of every six—and 1,300 in 1930. Why? This article gives the background of the impending Congressional investigation.

Blessed Are the Pure in Heart, by Rebecca West.

A charming essay by the caustic English writer—with some flings at her contemporaries.

Why I Hate Hollywood, by Patterson McNutt.

A former scenario writer tells why the movies are "little islands of sex appeal entirely surrounded by paid admissions."

Profits from Peace in China, by Grover Clark.

Give the Chinese jobs, he says, and an increase of 5 cents a week in per capita expenditures would run into billions annually in foreign trade.

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ANOTHER "SUCCESSFUL" TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

January 21, 1931

The Trend of Events

First of the Year

THE Norfolk-to-Bermuda hop of Mrs. Beryl Hart and her navigator, Lieutenant MacLaren, was hailed as an experiment into the possibilities of commercial flying during the stormier months. Yet the two fliers completed the trip only on a second try, though they could have found no more favorable route over the North Atlantic. Flying from New York to within a hundred miles of Bermuda, they turned back to the North American coast, found Norfolk, Virginia, settled down for three days and then went on to Hamilton. After a few days in Bermuda they took off for the Azores. At this writing they appear to have been lost at sea.

The Rome-to-Brazil flight of the Italian air armada is a longer, but no more encouraging, story. Late in the afternoon of January 6, ten giant Italian seaplanes roared into Natal harbor, on the northeastern corner of Brazil. According to General Italo Balbo, Italian Air Minister and commander of the flight, they had "brought more fame to the good name of Italian aeronautics." They had crossed the 1,875 miles of open water from Bolama, Africa, in 18 hours and 46 minutes. Yet in the wake of the squadron were the bodies of five men killed in the take-off at Bolama and the wreckage of two more planes, forced down on the way across.

These misadventures shaved the last plausible claims of success from the much-heralded project. A year had been spent in planning the cruise. Italian warships had been planted along the route by a government zealous to outdo the German, French, Spanish and Portuguese airmen who had flown similar courses to Brazil. Yet three weeks elapsed between the take-off near Rome and the landing at Natal. Five thousand miles from December 17 to January 6, 240 miles a day, ten miles an hour—that is the record over an ocean route which offers comparatively slight hazards, as ocean routes go. However firmly established commercial flights over land may be, transatlantic flying is impracticable.

The One-Gallon Law

THERE SEEMS to be some confusion as to the nature of the Stobbs bill, modifying the Jones five-and-ten law, which was passed by Congress on January 8 and sent to the President for signature.

Of the several superficial recommendations submitted in the preliminary report of the Wickersham prohibition commission a year ago, three were mildly interesting. One asked that the investigation and preparation of prohibition cases be centralized in the Department of Justice. Congress quickly acceded, and the Prohibition Bureau was transferred to the Justice Department on July 1, 1930. The second recommendation suggested that Congress define "casual or slight" violation of the dry laws. That is the purpose of the Stobbs bill, which fixes the far from casual or slight maximum fine of $500 and jail sentence of six months for defendants convicted of manufacturing, selling or transporting a gallon of liquor or less.

The essential aim of the second recommendation was to clear the way for the third, which provided for juryless trials of casual violators before United States Commissioners. This proposal, which has been heartily lambasted in Congress, now sleeps in a pigeonhole of the Senate Judiciary Committee, where it is likely to expire. So that, while the ground has been all prepared for juryless trials before Commissioners, there probably aren't going to be any.

Not, of course, that it makes much difference. Neither this nor any other bit of tinkering with the machinery of enforcement would improve prohibition conditions materially. If the law is to be enforced it must be made enforceable by being liberalized. Whether the final Wickersham report, expected momentarily as we go to press, will recognize this fact we shall very soon see.

Lingle Murder Case

THE Lingle murder case provides a neat illustration of what's wrong with American justice. Alfred J. Lingle, Chicago *Tribune* police reporter, was shot and killed on June 9 in the heart of the city. The consequent outcry was terrific. Rewards were offered, the Chicago newspapers declared war on the underworld, a police commissioner was forced out of office, a new one succeeded him, civic organizations issued statements, city officials issued some more, speakeasies, gambling halls and bordellos were raided left and right, several hundred criminals were arrested and released—in short, ballyhoo was king and efficient crime-detection was all but forgotten. Then, while the hullabaloo was at its height, it was revealed that Lingle had been, not a martyr, but a go-between for police, politicians and criminals. The familiar three-cornered alliance, greatly strengthened by the prohibition laws, is one reason for the breakdown of American justice.

Despite the revelations regarding

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Lingle, the hunt for his murderer went on. Several suspects said to have committed or directed the killing were arrested, but in no case was the evidence strong enough for a conviction or even a trial. Finally, on December 21, more than six months after the murder, detectives seized Leo V. Brothers, held him incommunicado for seventeen days, and then announced their capture. Whether or not Brothers was third-degreed we do not know, but we may guess.

State's Attorney Swanson and his staff insist that they have the murderer at last. They say Brothers is a St. Louis gunman who—note this typically American touch—has been arrested sixty times in his home city but never found guilty. They do not say anything illuminating as to Brothers' accomplices or the motive for the Lingle murder. Nor, of course, can they be sure that Brothers will be convicted.

It is axiomatic that, to be effective, justice must be swift and sure. It is obvious that in the Lingle case justice was neither swift nor sure and that in this respect the case is typical.

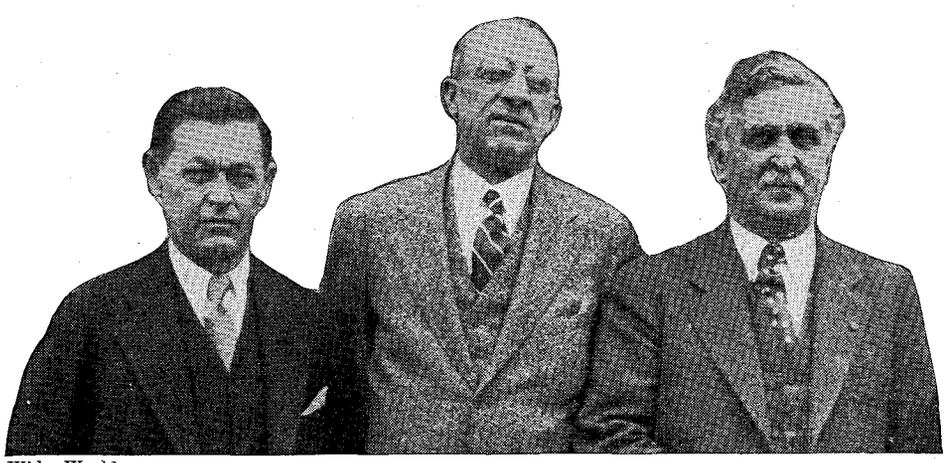
▶▶*President vs. Senate*

The Senate remained within its rules in voting to reconsider its confirmation of three of President Hoover's appointments to the Federal Power Commission. The appointments of Commissioners Williamson and Draper were confirmed without roll calls on December 19, those of Commissioners McNinch and Garsaud and of Chairman Smith with slightly more opposition on December 20, a few hours before Congress adjourned for its Christmas holidays. Within three days Commissioners Smith, Garsaud and Draper took their oaths of office, met in hasty quorum and summarily dismissed Solicitor Russell and Chief Accountant King, who had been unusually vigilant in the old commission's proceedings against power interests.

These dismissals immediately stirred anti-power-trust Senators to another fight on the appointees, which was formally opened when the Senate reconvened on January 6. As the confirmations were less than two executive-session days old, the Senate was qualified by its own rules to reconsider all five appointments. Since McNinch and Williamson had not been parties to the dismissals, however, anti-trust Senators confined their attention to the three others. But with the notifications of the confirmations already in Mr. Hoover's hands, the Senate could do no more than "request" the President to resubmit the three appointments.

As was expected, Mr. Hoover refused to accede. In a curt, unequivocal message he advised the Senate of his decision, which, he said, was based on the legal theory that reconsideration of the nominations could not disturb the appointees in their offices and would constitute an encroachment upon executive functions. Moreover, in a message to the nation he maintained that the commissioners could not be removed from office save by the President himself or by impeachment proceedings originating in the House. Finally, he charged the Senate with attempting to force a false issue upon the country in the hope of "symbolizing me as the defender of the power interests."

Mr. Hoover's two messages laid a foundation for a long fight while eliminating practically all prospect that the three commissioners would be removed, even through feeble efforts in the Senate to cut their salaries from appropriation bills. Hence, there will be no change in the commission's personnel and public attention is forced back to the two basic errors. Mr. Hoover erred in nominating five mediocre men to highly important positions. The Senate erred as gravely in confirming mediocre appointments. The Senate cannot escape its share of the responsibility for the mistake by its eleventh-hour effort to rectify it.



Wide World

CENTRE OF SENATE STORM
Marcel Garsaud, Claude L. Draper and George Otis Smith, of the Federal Power Commission

▶▶*The First Three Rounds*

Whenever Mr. Hoover hits out at the Senate many of his Washington advisers and supporters grin all over their faces. Their theory, and there is some truth in it, is that the more or less continuous and historic conflict between the legislative and executive departments always works to the confusion of the former and the glory of the latter. Public sympathy, they hold, is always with the solitary executive in his fights with the numerous members of a legislature; this applies not only to presidents but also to governors. They frankly declare that it would be first-rate politics for the President to keep belaboring the Senate until November, 1932.

But there is this to be said: For an executive to obtain the best political results from a clash with a legislature, he must fight for something, and not merely fight with somebody. He must have a popular program and conduct his fight to push it through. Al Smith had such a program, fought with a legislature over it, and won public support all along the line. If Mr. Hoover were fighting with the Senate for, say, some far-reaching measure designed to overcome unemployment, public sympathy would be with him from first to last.

But the fact is, Mr. Hoover's position in his three clashes with Congress during the present short session has been chiefly negative. The further fact is that the fights have not been waged on interest-stirring issues. He is not lashing Congress for failing to go far enough in relieving the effects of the drought and depression. Congress, indeed, tends to go farther than he desires. Thus the first clash occurred when he accused sponsors of certain expensive relief bills of "playing politics at the expense of human misery." Thus the second clash took place when he answered the Senate's request for the report of the Emergency Unemployment Commission by saying that he had no report but merely some notes which he intended to keep confidential.

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These were not lively issues on which to stage a hair-raising battle. Nor is there any great public interest in the question raised by the latest dispute—Mr. Hoover defines it as "the question of the independence of the Executive arm of the government in respect of the appointment and removal of public officials." Probably it will do the President no political harm to collide with the Senate over matters of this kind. But the good it will do him can easily be exaggerated.

▸▸*Tunney as Major*

Governor Wilbur L. Cross knows literature, for he is a critic of international standing. He knows politics, for, a Democrat, he got himself elected governor of ultra-Republican Connecticut. And he knows publicity, for he made Gene Tunney a member of his honorary military staff.

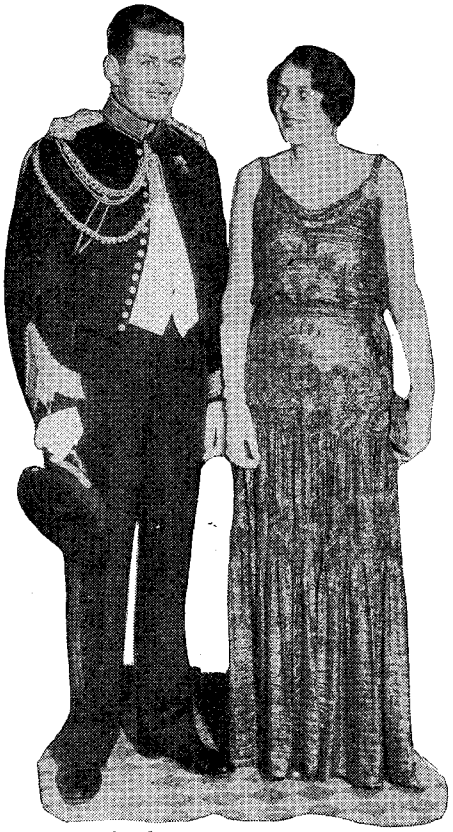
The first Democratic Chief Executive in Connecticut since 1914, the wet Governor Cross faced a House and Senate, more than two-thirds Republican and largely dry, with a plea for unprecedented power of veto and appointment and a scheme for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment by a constitutional convention. But it was Tunney who stole the show. There were mild cheers for the new governor. There were uproarious ovations for the new major.

Tunney the fighter, Tunney the student of Shakespeare, Tunney the bridegroom, Tunney the boon companion of George Bernard Shaw, Tunney the society man—these pictures are dim and outdated, as outdated, in fact, as so many old rotogravure sections. Now we have Major Tunney, resplendent with gold braid, epaulets and a glistening sword. Indeed, there are hints that we may have State Assemblyman Tunney. Governor Cross has said that he considers the former heavyweight champion ideal legislative material and that he hopes he will go into politics. Tunney, he says, "is more interested in good government than is generally known." Shall we soon see Tunney the legislator, then? Tunney the member of Congress?

Why not? Congressmen have claimed distinction in the *Congressional Directory* for just about everything else. Why shouldn't one claim the distinction of being the only man ever seated in the national legislature after defeating Jack Dempsey?

▸▸*Stricken Arkansas*

Conditions in Arkansas appeared steadily darker in the week after attention had been drawn there by the food riots in the little trading town of England. A St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* correspondent discovered that similar demands for food had been made by mob-like gatherings in Lepinta, Crawfordsville and Monette. Generally speaking, the mob reports were confirmed by W. A. S. Douglas of the Baltimore *Sun* and by Senator Robinson, who maintained that



International

MAJOR AND MRS.

Gene Tunney, at the inaugural ball of the Governor of Connecticut

news regarding mobs other than that at England, in his home county, had been suppressed.

Senator Robinson was less moved by the suppression of the news than by the inadequacy of all relief work in Arkansas and other drought-stricken states. On a background of depression he and Senator Caraway, his colleague from Arkansas, painted dark lines of distress as they advocated a relief measure which was passed by the Senate. The measure, which was coldly received in the Administration-controlled House, would amend the bill appropriating 45 million dollars to be loaned to farmers for seed and feed for their stock by adding 15 millions which farmers might borrow to buy food for their families.

Weather statistics show that last summer's drought was sixteen per cent more severe in Arkansas than in any other state. Coming after floods in 1927, backwater in 1928 and tornadoes in 1929, the drought and general business depression brought the 1930 total of bank failures in Arkansas to 130. Nearly a hundred of the institutions are still closed. Some of these banks hold state funds which were to be used in road building projects. Their failure has injured the credit of planters and of merchants who are now unable to sell on credit to the planters. Hence the planters are unable to "furnish" their tenants and crop-sharers, who would have had little to fall back on even if the value of Arkansas crops had not been reduced from 210 million dollars in 1929 to about 90 million dollars in 1930.

Senator Robinson described three counties with a population of 100,000 and not one bank open. He produced a letter from a relief worker telling of 1,200 calls for aid in two days in a small section of Mississippi county, which the Senator had judged to be better off than any other county he investigated during the holidays. Senator Caraway offered another letter showing that the Red Cross in the town of Tyronza was "distributing to a family of three $1.15 in groceries to last a month."

No state has been hit harder than Arkansas. Unhappily, many states have been hit nearly as hard.

▸▸*Piecemeal Relief*

During the week after Congress reconvened on January 5 four projects were conspicuous among the many intended to aid the jobless and drought-stricken. Three of these hinged around the developments in Arkansas. The other appeared in New York City, the antithesis of rural Arkansas in everything but suffering. For nearly three months prominent citizens and leading private welfare agencies of New York have been attempting to meet the city's problem through an emergency employment committee. Having raised eight million dollars, the committeemen called upon Mayor Walker, informed him that they could raise no more, declared that their funds would supply work for only part of the unemployed (and for these only

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until April) and urged that the city appropriate ten million dollars to cope with the situation.

New York was heard from again after the Senate had passed the Robinson-Caraway bill to add 15 million dollars to the 45 millions already authorized for drought relief. When this measure reached the House, Representative La Guardia, Mr. Walker's Republican opponent in the last mayoralty election, maintained, logically enough, that there was as much reason for the government to feed city dwellers as farmers. He therefore asked that the Red Cross be given 30 million dollars to use in distributing food to farmers and city dwellers alike.

The fourth project was announced by the Red Cross itself. While the Senators from Arkansas were seeking relief for their constituents, John Barton Payne, chairman of the national organization, testified before the Senate Appropriations Committee that the Red Cross emergency fund of $4,500,000 provided ample facilities for carrying on relief work in the drought regions. Four days later Mr. Payne inconsistently requested that President Hoover approve a national appeal for ten million dollars for the Red Cross to use in these very regions. Mr. Hoover approved this appeal on January 11.

Without question these four projects are sincere attempts to aid the distressed. Yet they represent no more than minor, uncoordinated, piecemeal attacks upon a nation-wide emergency. They but emphasize the need for sweeping measures carried out with as much unity and vigor as if the emergency were a war. Specifically, they emphasize the need of generous federal appropriations for the Red Cross and of a billion-dollar "prosperity loan" floated by the national government for the relief of unemployment.

▶▶*Pershing's Memoirs*

In his foreword to "My Experiences in the World War," General Pershing maintains that his primary purpose in writing his memoirs was to record "many lessons useful to the American people should they ever again be called to war." The first chapters of the book, which is being syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance, show that General Pershing has not taken his task lightly. In intensity he surpasses most of those who have re-created their war experiences in biographies, novels or dramas. His story contains so many italicized phrases, sentences and paragraphs that some newspapers have refrained from using any italics at all. The major lesson rammed home is the disastrous result of America's "inexcusable failure to do what common reason long before our entry into the war plainly indicated should have been done." Which, as you may guess, was to prepare for war in time of peace.

General Pershing recalls how in 1917 he found the General Staff at Washington unorganized along modern lines, with but few officers experienced enough to understand its functions. He declares that the army had less than 300,000 Springfield rifles and inadequate facilities to manufacture more. There were, he says, but 400 light field pieces and only 150 heavy field pieces, and not enough ammunition in the entire army to send the latter through an ordinary ten-hour barrage. There were but a thousand machine guns, and these were of four types; but sixty-five officers in the air section of the Signal Corps, and of these only thirty-five could fly; but fifty-five training planes, and fifty-one were obsolete.

International

"BLACK JACK"

General John J. Pershing writes of his experiences in the World War

General Pershing maintains that the strength and morale of the allied armies were such early in 1917 that "the addition of 500,000 American combat troops at that time would have given the Allies such a preponderance of force that the war could have been brought to a victorious conclusion before the end of the year." His memoirs indicate his belief that millions of dollars and innumerable lives might have been saved by preparedness. This is a soldier's answer to a decade of peace treaties, war-renouncing pacts, arbitration agreements and disarmament conferences. At least, no one can say that it is not realistic.

▶▶*"Puddler Jim's" Seat*

What is the difference between James J. Davis, whom the Senate welcomes though some $1,200,000 was spent for his ticket in 1930, and William S. Vare, whom the Senate excluded because $780,000 was spent for his ticket in 1926? Surely not much. Both were victors in expensive Republican primaries in Pennsylvania and both were fairly easy winners in the elections. Hence, Chairman Nye, of the Senate committee investigating campaign funds, has precedent to support him when he urges the Senate to vacate "Puddler Jim's" seat.

Yet even Senator Nye finds in the Davis case "a slight difference from the Vare case." The only real difference is that Vare was a Pennsylvania boss who became a candidate while Davis was a candidate who became the darling of the Pennsylvania bosses. Besides, Senator Nye has completely missed the point, if one is to believe Senator Davis, who is "amazed and perplexed" by the efforts to unseat him. Mr. Davis says that most of the campaign funds were spent for his running mate, Francis Shunk Brown, defeated in the primary race for governor. His friends declare that but five or ten per cent of the total sum was spent for Candidate Davis, who won, while ninety or ninety-five per cent was spent for Candidate Brown, who lost. "The personal popularity of 'Jim' Davis," says "Puddler Jim" himself, "built largely on his integrity and humanitarian achievements, assured his nomination and consequent election without the need of a large campaign fund."

Does this distinction hold water? Not if one is to abide by the Senate's own precedents. While Mr. Davis' expenditures were certainly split with Mr. Brown, his running mate for governor,

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Mr. Vare's expenditures were likewise split with Mr. Beidleman, his running mate for governor. It appears, therefore, that the Senate must either rebuke Mr. Davis for being on a two-man ticket for which more than a million was spent or rebuke itself for rebuking Mr. Vare for being on a two-man ticket for which less than a million was spent.

▶▶*Ashurst's Folly*

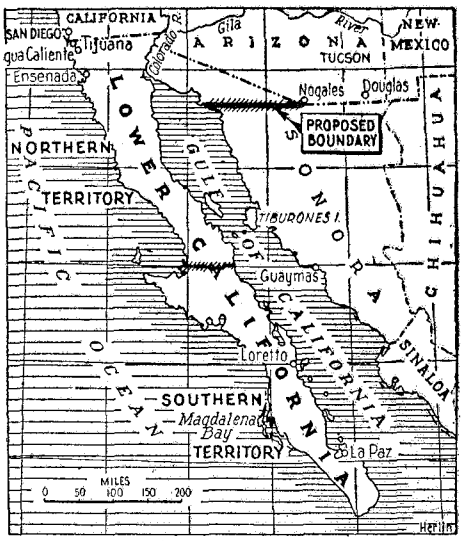
FORTUNATELY for Mexican-American relations, official Mexico City has a sense of humor. Otherwise there would be considerable bitterness over the proposal of Senator Ashurst of Arizona that the United States purchase Lower California and a northern slice of the state of Sonora. In presenting this resolution in the Senate, Mr. Ashurst merely revives his old measure of 1919, which died of neglect. Yet in 1919 he at least maintained that the purchase was designed as a strategic move to protect the United States from colonization of the territory by Japan, while today he advocates it without offering the slightest justification or explanation.

Aside from a few hot-heads, most Mexicans agreed with their Under Secretary Schiffino, in charge of the Foreign Office, who was certain that Senator Ashurst had lost his sense of judgment. One politician was ready to discuss the sale whenever the United States sold New York City to the British, while another countered with the proposal that Mexico sell Lower California to the United States when the United States got ready to sell Texas to Mexico. Even President Ortiz Rubio, enjoying the balmy Pacific at Acapulco, was said to have laughed heartily when he heard of the Ashurst folly.

The proposal does have, however, a more or less serious side. Senator Ashurst has not yet explained his project, but no great stretch of the imagination is needed to see a link between the purchase and the Boulder Dam development which involves Mexico's rights in the distribution of the Colorado River waters. Especially in view of the fact that Senator Ashurst would have the United States purchase not only Lower California but also the slice of Sonora across the Colorado, thereby acquiring complete control of the river and obviating all difficulties over the distribution of the waters. Considering this very tangible advantage of the purchase to the residents of Arizona and California, there is some reason to believe that the Senator's proposal may be pressed, which would be a mistake. If it is pressed, there will be little laughing in nationalistic Mexico.

▶▶*Saving the Radio*

THOUGH he calls himself a fervent optimist, Dr. Lee de Forest, retiring president of the Institute of Radio Engineers, nevertheless declares that radio is the victim of a disease which may destroy both its usefulness and its prosperity. If any radio listener needs to be told the nature of the malady, let him snap on his instrument. Two minutes of jazz by a tenth-rate orchestra, and then, "This program comes to you through the courtesy of Little Hocus Pocus Marvelous Lime Squeezers, Inc. Ladies and gentlemen, how many of you own satisfactory, scientific lime squeezers which extract the last, luscious, vitamin-filled drop? The Little Hocus Pocus Lime Squeezer, manufactured in our light, airy, one hundred per cent modern laboratories by a special scientific process endorsed by scientists the world over, will——". No one knows what. The irritated listener has spun the dial around and caught a pleasant medley of southern songs. Presently he hears, "Way down South in the land of cotton —Old Black Joe Brake Linings are not forgotten—Look away!" Snap. The radio is off for the evening.



Courtesy N. Y. Times

NOT FOR SALE

Lower California and the corner of Sonora which Senator Ashurst wishes to buy

This sort of thing need not happen in many homes each evening for the results to be felt. They are being felt. According to Mr. de Forest, during the last year—a record year, too, for staying at home— there has been a marked reduction of listening hours. In contrast to this, it has been an unusually prosperous year for broadcasting stations and their owners. "The listening public," says Mr. de Forest, "is becoming more critical of program quality and more lukewarm to what is being offered them. . . . Yet broadcasters are greedily selling more and more time for impudent and undisguised sales talk. This situation can go on . . . . until so few listeners remain that advertisers find their money unprofitably spent."

Mr. de Forest's warning should be taken to heart. The fact must be recognized that the ear is less tolerant than the eye and that smear-and-splash billboard advertising methods will not do on the air. Four or five hours each day of fine entertainment free from sales talk, says Mr. de Forest, is the only way to save the radio industry. That seems to be about the size of it.

▶▶*Row Between Democrats*

FRANK R. KENT is one of the few keen-eyed realists among the newspaper correspondents in Washington. His position as a Democrat, author of a history of the party and vice-president, as well as political columnist, of the Democratic Baltimore *Sun* has not kept him from displaying the follies of Democrats and Republicans alike. In the current period of Republican disfavor Mr. Kent, still a Hoover supporter, has even taken a special delight in pricking the Democrats, as was evidenced by his magazine article of last year in which he wrote of the ingenuity with which Democratic publicity had been turned to the task of "smearing Hoover." Hence, unlike other correspondents, Mr. Kent found such good copy in the annual financial report of the Democrats to the House of Representatives that he was straightway involved in a front-page row with Chairman Raskob of the Democratic National Committee.

Mr. Kent added up enough items to conclude that the "Raskob ownership of the party is pretty well established . . . that he controls—or can when he wants —its publicity and fixes its direction . . . that no one unacceptable to him personally and out of tune with his ideas can be nominated in 1932 . . . that if the party wins the Presidency the next time it will be Raskob's money that made it possible and he will be entitled to anything he wants under the administration." But Mr. Raskob was

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not appeased by the further statement that "nothing is quite so absurd as these politicians who criticize Mr. Raskob for not being 'disinterested and unselfish'." Mr. Raskob denied that he controlled the Democratic party (though not that the party owed him personally $225,000) and said that "when you liken the Democratic party to a common harlot [as Mr. Kent did not] that can be bought and sold, used and abused at will, you tramp on the toes of millions of Democrats." In fact, Mr. Raskob classified Mr. Kent as "one who perverts his talents" and himself as a donor of "pure, unselfish patriotic service."

If Mr. Raskob did not, as he admits, lack "education in political matters," he would have saved his heat. He would have seized upon the fifth paragraph in Mr. Kent's column in which one view of Mr. Raskob was recorded—"a grand little guy . . . gallantly playing the game out in a grand manner . . . . has no personal ends to serve and party people generally should rejoice over an angel of such enormous wealth and unprecedented liberality." A good politician would have forgotten the rest, pasted this paragraph up and broadcast it over the nation, not neglecting to say that it came from the column of a crackerjack correspondent.

▶▶*Slavery in Liberia*

THE report of the League of Nations commission that virtual slavery exists in Liberia is another evidence of that country's failure to develop into a reputable nation for free Negroes. The Liberian experiment has been a disappointment from the time it was started in 1816 by the "American Society for the Colonization of Free People of Color of the United States." Within a few years the society was combing the American seaboard for colonists, yet the hundred thousand dollars spent from 1820 to 1830 resulted in the transfer to Liberia of but 1100 Negroes. With the colonists and their agents dying from disease the various little settlements united into the Commonwealth of Liberia, governed by the American society until an independent government was established in 1847.

Thereafter the tie to the United States was largely sentimental, yet sufficiently strong to bring Liberia through the decades as an American protectorate in fact though not in law. This was indicated in 1909 when President Roosevelt dispatched a special commission to investigate conditions in Liberia. Out of this inquiry came American military intervention leading to the reorganization of Liberia's police force and her finances, which have been administered since 1912 by a receiver designated by the United States. With this background of American control, and having evidence of slavery in Liberia, Secretary Stimson opened conversations in 1929 which forced the Liberian government to agree to the creation of the League investigating commission.

The commission has found a vicious situation involving the kidnapping of natives, the pawning of children and wives to creditors, the depopulation of

Wide World

CHAIRMAN OF THE CHASE

Albert H. Wiggin, well known banker of New York City

whole villages and elimination of the males among certain tribes through wholesale deportations to the French Congo and the Spanish island of Fernando Po. Fining, flogging and torture have also been used to create a system of forced labor without pay on government roads and the private farms of government officials.

The commission placed the blame for slavery indirectly upon President King and directly upon Vice-President Yancy, "who has utilized his subordinates to further it to his own advantages, he himself being the chief beneficiary." Both of these officials resigned last December when the report was completed and a protest was lodged with the Liberian government by Secretary Stimson. When the succeeding president failed to better conditions, Mr. Stimson sent him one of the most scathing notes ever dispatched from Washington to a foreign government. Assuming that Secretary Stimson is within his rights in demanding a housecleaning in Liberia, it is apparent that his predecessors in the State Department were remiss in allowing such conditions to develop.

▶▶*Warburg and Wiggin*

AMERICAN BUSINESS MEN cannot dismiss the annual reports of Paul M. Warburg and Albert H. Wiggin as simply two more guesses about the depression. Both men rank high in the world of finance, to which both rose in the traditional manner, Mr. Warburg after emigrating from Germany, Mr. Wiggin after working as a bank clerk in Boston. Mr. Warburg reported as chairman of the far-flung Manhattan Company, which controls such units as the Bank of Manhattan Trust and the International Acceptance companies; Mr. Wiggin as chairman of the Chase National Bank, whose 1929-30 mergers made it the largest in the world. In many respects their addresses ran parallel.

Both admitted that they were unable to set a date for the beginning of business recovery, yet they suggested almost identical means of hastening that recovery. Mr. Warburg maintained that the American policy toward reparations and inter-allied debts should be guided toward adjusting the world's lopsided balance sheet. Mr. Wiggin spoke more specifically—"I am convinced it would be good business for our government to initiate a reduction in these [inter-allied] debts at this time." Again, both advocated lower price levels. Mr. Wiggin went further and advocated lower wages. In no uncertain terms he criticized the Hoover-inaugurated policy of attempting to meet the depression by maintaining wages and prices, and by increasing buying by railroads and construction by public utilities. "The policy has had a thirteen month test," he said. "It has failed."

Yet the two bankers probably trod on the most toes in demanding tariff reduction. On this subject Mr. Wiggin again spoke the more specifically. Excessively high tariffs, he said, were among the factors which had "brought about and prolonged the depression." This sentiment recalls the fact that the nation now has no low-tariff party worthy of the name, as was demonstrated last year when Democrats joined with Republicans in enacting the skyscraper Hawley-Smoot schedules. It

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was demonstrated again last fall when seven leading Democrats denounced the Hawley-Smoot tariff but hastened to advise against a general revision. Thus with both parties nodding to the fears of business that lower tariffs would intensify the depression, two of the best minds in business urge lower tariffs as a way out of the depression. Apparently the Democrats erred in renouncing their tariff policy of auld lang syne.

▶▶*Helping China*

THE United States has more wheat in its warehouses, more silver in its vaults, than it needs. China has too little of both. Both countries would benefit if some of the American silver surplus could be used to help China obtain peace and greater buying power. As the Chinese became able to buy more, American trade with China would recover from the slump it fell into last year. Hence the Senate, with its ears open to humanitarian appeals coinciding with sound business, has had a sub-committee of the Foreign Relations Committee studying American trade with China since last March. It is natural that the committee should be headed by Senator Pittman of silver-producing Nevada, since one cause of the decrease in China's imports has been the fall in the exchange value of silver and the consequent increase in cost, in terms of Chinese silver currency, of goods sold on a gold currency basis.

The Pittman committee is about ready to submit recommendations. Two of these look toward improving the exchange value of silver by securing an international agreement to fix this value and by persuading Britain to stop dumping Indian silver (India went on a gold basis not long ago) on the world market. If silver could be restored to its old level—an American gold dollar is now worth four Chinese silver dollars, instead of the "normal" two of a couple of years ago—silver producers in Nevada and elsewhere would profit thereby. Again, China's ability to buy from foreign countries, notably her ability to buy wheat from the United States, would be considerably broadened.

The Pittman committee has also considered a proposal to induce several nations to join with the United States in making a long-time, low-interest loan to China in silver, to be used for road building and similar undertakings which would augment the buying power of the Chinese and help to insure peace by giving work to some of the millions who now, in Grover Clark's phrase, "must loot if they would live." Just how taking, say, a billion ounces of silver out of the vaults of the various governments and dumping them on the Chinese market would help to raise the exchange value of silver is by no means clear. It is chiefly because there is too much silver in the world market that the silver exchange is lower than ever before. Obviously, however, any practicable step that can be taken to improve economic conditions in China is good business.

▶▶*The Schmeling Situation*

WHEN the New York State Boxing Commission ruled that Max Schmeling was not the heavyweight champion of the world, many Americans suddenly recalled that Max Schmeling was the heavyweight champion of the world. The ruling touched off no end of controversy over the German fisticuffer who looks like Dempsey, talks like Tunney and, say such German newspapers as the *Berliner Boersen-Courier,* fights like a greenhorn.

The world's title fell upon Schmeling last June when Jack Sharkey fell upon him with one of those fouls which made 1930 the foulest year in the ring. The blow brought howls from fans who had paid some $750,000 to see a fight which lasted but eleven minutes. There were more howls when the State Boxing Commission reluctantly awarded the title to Schmeling, who in the four rounds of the fight had been beaten to a frazzle by Sharkey. Whereupon the commissioners ruled that no more titles were to be awarded on fouls, that fouls were fair, and come on back, you German, and let this Sharkey at you.

But Schmeling continued to rest in Germany, preferring decreasing dividends to boxers bound tastefully 'round with the Stars and Stripes. He did not believe he should be compelled to defend his title until a suitable contender emerged from a bout between Sharkey and Young Stribling. The state commissioners wanted Schmeling to meet Sharkey this June, holding that the latter needed no preliminary bouts to make him a logical contender. When Schmeling's manager, Joe Jacobs, resisted these hurry-up tactics, he and his boxer were suspended.

Since the New York commissioners dominate but one state, their ruling did not bar Schmeling, who is still the champion to the National Boxing Commission, from such centers as Chicago, Philadelphia and Shelby, Montana. Hence Manager Jacobs signed for a bout with Stribling, whom the New York Madison Square organization would like to have pitted against Sharkey. Whatever the outcome, the situation is sufficiently befuddled with bargaining managers, conflicting contracts and milk fund sponsors to produce reams of publicity. It may produce enough so that Schmeling, now that he has been uncrowned, will at last be thought of as a king.

Remarkable Remarks

Many people refrain from buying now because they know that other people cannot buy. That means happiness. That is the Christian attitude.—ABBE ERNEST DIMNET.

I am of the firm conviction that we are nearer Utopia today in this country than ever before.—EX-GOVERNOR CHANNING H. COX.

Congress has appropriated money to feed livestock and the farmer's families. If the farmer is smart he will learn how to moo.—"BUGS" BAER.

I hope I never write a masterpiece.—JOAN LOWELL.

When a husband is considerate enough to keep it sub rosa, unfaithfulness becomes fairly unimportant in the list of marital faults. —ELSIE MCCORMICK.

Reno has become a modern Garden of Eden.—DR. NATHAN KRASS.

▶▶*Death of "Uncle Tom"*

ASK any roomful of people what play had the longest run in history. To a man, they will answer *Abie's Irish Rose.* But it isn't so. The year 1930 chalked up a record beside which *Abie's* five-year run looks like a one-night stand. *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* after seventy-seven years of continuous performance here, there and everywhere, has closed at last. It is hard to believe that there are no Elizas leaping from canvas ice-block to canvas ice-block, no creaking pulleys bearing Little Eva to Heaven, no snarling Simon Legrees in the world. But this, apparently, is the case. According to Elizabeth Corbett in the *Theatre Guild Magazine,* for the first time since the première in 1853 there is now not a single company anywhere playing *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

This is a fact for sober consideration. *Uncle Tom* was more than a dog-eared

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standby. It represented a tradition and a point of view, both for actors and audiences. Among actors, "Uncle Tomming" was a profession in itself. An Uncle Tommer was more often born than made. He was usually the child of another Uncle Tommer. At four or five years, boys and girls started as Little Eva. When they grew gangling came their big opportunity—to play Topsy. Outstanding Topsies were likely to graduate from Uncle Tomming and work onward and upward to Broadway. David Belasco is a graduated Uncle Tommer; so is Mary Pickford. The rest stayed on, growing up into the adult parts—Eliza, Emmeline and Miss Ophelia for the women; Simon Legree, Mr. St. Clare and the rest for the men —until they reached the top, the rôle of Uncle Tom, and played it, some of them, until they died.

As for audiences, they flocked to *Uncle Tom,* whether it appeared in theatres, town halls, lofts, or canvas tents, not for its anti-slavery propaganda but for its good, all-around play on the emotions. The drama had everything—tears, indignation, suspense, comedy and thick, juicy sentiment. Why has it closed? Is there no audience left to shudder at Simon Legree, chuckle at Topsy's "Ise so wicked," thrill at the baying bloodhounds and sob at Little Eva's death? Have the book clubs so intellectualized us, the talkies so sophisticated us? And, if so, what is to become of us?

➤➤*In Brief*

THEY SAY Edgar Wallace is to be editor of a London daily newspaper, but this time, probably, he has over-estimated his capacities and some one will have to help him write. . . . George J. Harris, Assistant Commissioner General of Immigration, opposes the bill to limit the points of entry from Canada to the United States, because, he says, it would create a new crime. Though maybe you'd never suspect it, this peculiar man with his funny ideas is an American citizen. . . . Something should be done to divert the minds of those Maryville, Missouri, children who saw a mob of lynchers, with a National Guard battery standing by, chain a Negro to the roof of their school and burn him to death. Otherwise the children may get to thinking that when their elders ask for observance and enforcement of the laws they mean of some laws.

The Encyclical on Marriage

An Editorial

THE encyclical "Casti conubii" ["Of Chaste Wedlock"] issued by Pope Pius XI on January 8 will be, of course, of the first interest and importance to all devout Catholics. It will not be of importance to non-Catholics, though it may interest some of them as representing a survival of mediaevalism. Their feelings as they read it will differ in degree but not in kind from their feelings on first seeing the anachronistic costume of the Vatican's Swiss Guard, designed by Michelangelo.

How else could they feel when they note those sections of the encyclical dealing with birth control and divorce? It is, we take it, an accepted principle among most intelligent men and women who are not Catholics—certainly it is in English-speaking countries—that birth control, rightly used, can be an effective instrument for the welfare of society and the health and happiness of the individuals who compose it. They believe that, as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick said in this magazine some eighteen months ago, "the constructive social service to be rendered by the right use of birth control is immense in extent and importance. . . . The population problem is the basic problem of the world, and if it is not well handled no other social problem can at all be solved." They realize that, as Professor Julian Huxley, English biologist, recently told an audience in Philadelphia, the discovery of birth control was "one of the major events in the world's history." They have concluded that considerations of health and of economics often justify the use of birth control among married people and that if employed with proper motives it is free from reproach. They regard it an incalculably valuable weapon with which to combat disease and degeneracy, pauperism and misery.

Naturally, then, they are not impressed with the statement in the encyclical that, since the conjugal act "is destined primarily by nature for the begetting of children, those who in exercising it deliberately frustrate its natural power and purpose sin against nature and commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious." They are less likely to grow indignant than to shake their heads with calm dissent when they read that "Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin."

As with birth control, so with divorce. The modern man regards both of them as proper and necessary instruments. He believes that the problems they raise are not problems of prohibition but of suitable regulation, according with the best liberal and scientific thought of the day. To him any statement which says, as the encyclical says, that marriage involves "a perpetual and indissoluble bond which cannot be dissolved by civil law" bears little relation to life, so little relation that he cannot even grow vehement over it. He cannot accept nor even begin to accept the Pontiff's flat declarations that "the bond of marriage cannot be loosened even on account of the sin of adultery" and that "all the other weaker excuses that can be and are usually brought forward are of no value whatsoever."

It would be difficult, he believes, and decidedly unpleasant to live in a community which had embodied these prohibitions against divorce and birth control in the civil law, as the Pope apparently advises when he says that "the civil law can assist the Church much in the execution of its important office if, in laying down their ordinances, they take account of what is prescribed by divine and ecclesiastical law, and if penalties are fixed for offenders"; when he says again that "we earnestly exhort in the Lord all those who hold the reins of power that they establish and maintain firmly harmony and friendship with this Church of Christ in order that, through the united activity and energy of both powers, the tremendous evils may be checked which menace civil society as well as the Church, fruits of those wanton liberties which assail both marriage and the family."

As deeply as Pius XI believes that divorce and birth control are indefensible, today's intelligent non-Catholic is apt to believe that in certain circumstances they are indispensable. Just as the former may believe that the latter will some day be converted to the Catholic view, so the latter feels that

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his own view will some day prevail in all churches which wish to remain in touch with reality. And while the former hopes that civil law on divorce and birth control eventually will be brought into line with canon law, the latter hopes that canon law eventually will be brought into line with civil law at its best.

To the great bulk of modern non-Catholics, the encyclical is purely academic. It will not affect their conduct nor alter their opinions in the slightest.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HAVE frequently referred to the United States Senate as the one free forum left to the citizenry, and for that reason alone have preferred to pass over its numerous sins, but we find that most of its defenders have lost patience with our august sirs in the current battle over reconsideration of the power commission nominees. Our keenest legal friends inform us that the Senate's contention will never be upheld in the courts, should it be carried to that extreme, and we imagine that even the Progressives' legal advisers, Thomas J. Walsh of Montana and William E. Borah of Idaho, hold this view in their hearts. In this phase of the controversy we think that President Hoover has much the better of it, and we happen to know that the White House cohorts are exulting over the opportunity it gave him to issue another of those Napoleonic statements.

This one, we agree, was couched in able and forceful language, and it contained no misstatements or misrepresentations, as have so many other pronouncements emanating from the White House during the clash with the Senate. Indeed, with many others we suspect that Mr. Hoover entrusted the work to somebody other than French Strother, his amanuensis. We understand that the message was written by Attorney General Mitchell himself. The pithy and concise style was almost identical with some of his briefs we have read, and was a refreshing contrast to the President's own unkingly English.

The sin we hold against the Senate, however, is the scant consideration and scrutiny it gave to the five nominees when their names were before the Commerce Committee and the Senate itself. Despite its suspicions of the Administration's power program, as exhibited in some of Secretary Wilbur's decrees, it moved with unseemly haste to confirm Messrs. Smith, McNinch, Garsaud, Draper and Williamson. Even some of the Progressives joined the mêlée, and the threatened attack upon the Administration's reputed sympathy with the large interests failed to materialize. In fact, few of the nominees were quizzed concerning their views on regulation, valuation and the host of problems affecting the consumer and the investor. If any proof were needed of the Senate's failure to perform its constitutional function of satisfying itself with respect to the fitness of these appointees, the act of three members in discharging two such faithful servants as Mr. King and Mr. Russell gave, in the opinion of a majority of the Senators, ample but belated evidence.

N. Y. World

If looks could kill

We do not pretend to pass judgment on the power philosophy of the President's appointees. But we heard many adverse comments upon their general make-up when they passed in procession through the Senate committee room. The Senators who subsequently confirmed them expressed, again and again, their amazement at the sort of men Mr. Hoover had named to administer matters of such grave moment to the people as water power. The five men, as we observed them, are small-bore fellows who were obviously overawed by their new posts, by the Senate, by every manifestation of official life. The most general criticism of them was that they failed to measure up, in imaginative or administrative faculty, to the responsibilities imposed upon them. Even those who voted for confirmation made many comments on the contrast between the intellectual minuteness of the men as measured by the vastness of their work. They were, in the opinion of other observers, the kind of officials who could be easily influenced by pressure, say, from the White House. We tell no secrets, incidentally, when we report that almost every Democratic and Progressive Senator believes the discharge of Mr. Russell and Mr. King was inspired by Administration representatives. Again and again, we happen to know their zeal in ferreting out improper items of capitalization have antagonized certain interests which stand well in official circles.

Chairman Smith, as a subordinate official for many, many years, has, in our opinion, shown a tendency to regard himself as a political private. We mean to imply no consciously improper attitude to him, but it is manifestly difficult for a bureau chief to display or develop independence. In the controversy over curtailment of oil production, for instance, Mr. Smith sat in with the oil men at Houston when they framed a program designed to meet Mr. Hoover's demand for conservation. Upon his return to the Capital Mr. Smith was as enthusiastic as a boy over the spirit of cooperation shown by the petroleum magnates. Sitting with his legs under him at his desk in the Interior Department, he predicted that it would mean a more scientific management of our great national resources.

But when Mr. Hoover took fright lest he be pictured as too sympathetic to the oil interests through any formal sanction of their proposal, and issued a heated criticism of their appeal for federal ratification, Mr. Smith lapsed into a strange and unexplainable silence. He was then a discreet, and, perhaps, a disillusioned, underling. We do not blame him, since he could hardly have opposed his President, but we wonder how he will behave when far stronger influences are brought to bear upon him.

A. F. C.

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Who Flies and Why

By ANDREW R. BOONE

SEVERAL months ago an American salesman flew with a troubled mind from Paris to London. He was unable to conquer his fright while in the air, he confessed recently, and for several months refused to depart this world for a journey into the "unknown." Nor had his wife flown. His timidity, to phrase it mildly, had been passed on to her. Timidity coupled with an expressed wish on his part that she should not fly.

Now flying from Paris to London, aside from the scenery, does not differ materially from a flight of the same distance in the United States. Here you enter a thoroughly trustworthy airplane, fly behind a pilot whose abilities, training and experience have been found by the responsible operating company and the United States Government to be more than adequate—and away you go, secure in the knowledge that you will pursue a pleasant course and arrive safely at your destination.

"But"—it seems so often there is a but—said the salesman, "on the very day I take an air trip, on that very day some disaster will befall the plane. I'll keep not one, but both feet on the ground."

Eventually, however, the salesman went with his wife one night to an airport near Los Angeles, still very much afraid of the air. Out for an evening's automobile ride through the maze of Los Angeles' condensed traffic, *safe on the ground*. The ensuing details are of little consequence. Suffice it to say that a friend induced the couple to go aloft in a sightseeing plane over and around Los Angeles, *to fly at night*. Their reaction was immediate and unanimous. Both became so interested in the lighted panorama spread out below that neither uttered a word nor exhibited a sign of nervousness. It was too late for them to change their minds after landing. In the air they became converts and later dared not reverse their opinions of flying.

Theirs was only one of many like incidents. Seldom do people become converts to air travel during night flights, for night flying by the regular lines is an exception rather than the rule, although in western United States we are doing more and more night flying, and the public likes it. More of that later, however.

The point I started to make is this: People are beginning to fly not alone because of the economy of time and money, but also because it actually is a pleasant and comfortable way to travel. Unfortunately we cannot always take safety for granted, solely because the uninformed individual continues to think that the air is an unknown quantity, that behind clouds lurk dangers, that he should not venture into the unknown.

As the numbers of those who travel by air increase, in a measure the type of individual changes. You cannot put your finger on a definite class and say, "that class flies, that group does not." The line of demarcation is not so sharply defined, yet there are definite observable trends. The potential traveler to whom time saving is of primary interest in moving from one place to another often is kept out of transport airplanes because he feels he has a larger obligation to his family (which he meets by traveling in surface vehicles) than to his firm or his client, which he might fulfill by flying.

More and more, flying is becoming a "poor man's routine" of transportation. Lower fares are not the sole underlying reason. There also is a strong psychological explanation. The individual with an income of $100 or more daily considers himself of such great importance to his family that he dare not fly, but the person who earns $10 daily thinks less of those other obligations and accepts air transportation at its true worth and on the basis of its safety record.

As a generalization the more poorly paid individual faces more physical risks in his occupation than does the well-paid professional man or the executive; more hazardous risks than even the most pessimistic expect to find in flying. For that reason the transport companies will find their first extensive market in paying passengers among those who are not burdened with large incomes. I believe the reason is obvious.

Man must conquer his fear through education before he will venture in large numbers into the air. The more quickly we direct the light of understanding into the dark corners of aviation, the more rapidly will the rank and file utilize the airlines.

"We have many regular patrons," one aviation traffic manager told me, "some of whom travel from seaboard to seaboard thinking as little of airplane travel as their fathers thought of walking. It is not unnatural that some should hesitate. Only recently people feared to travel by ocean and at the outset trains were described in pulpits as agents of the devil. As the individual overcomes his fear of the air, air travel becomes for him a matter of convenience. The public are not fools and those concerned with aviation who would try to hide pertinent facts commit a grievous blun-

Courtesy Eastern Air Transport

Club car interior of a new passenger plane

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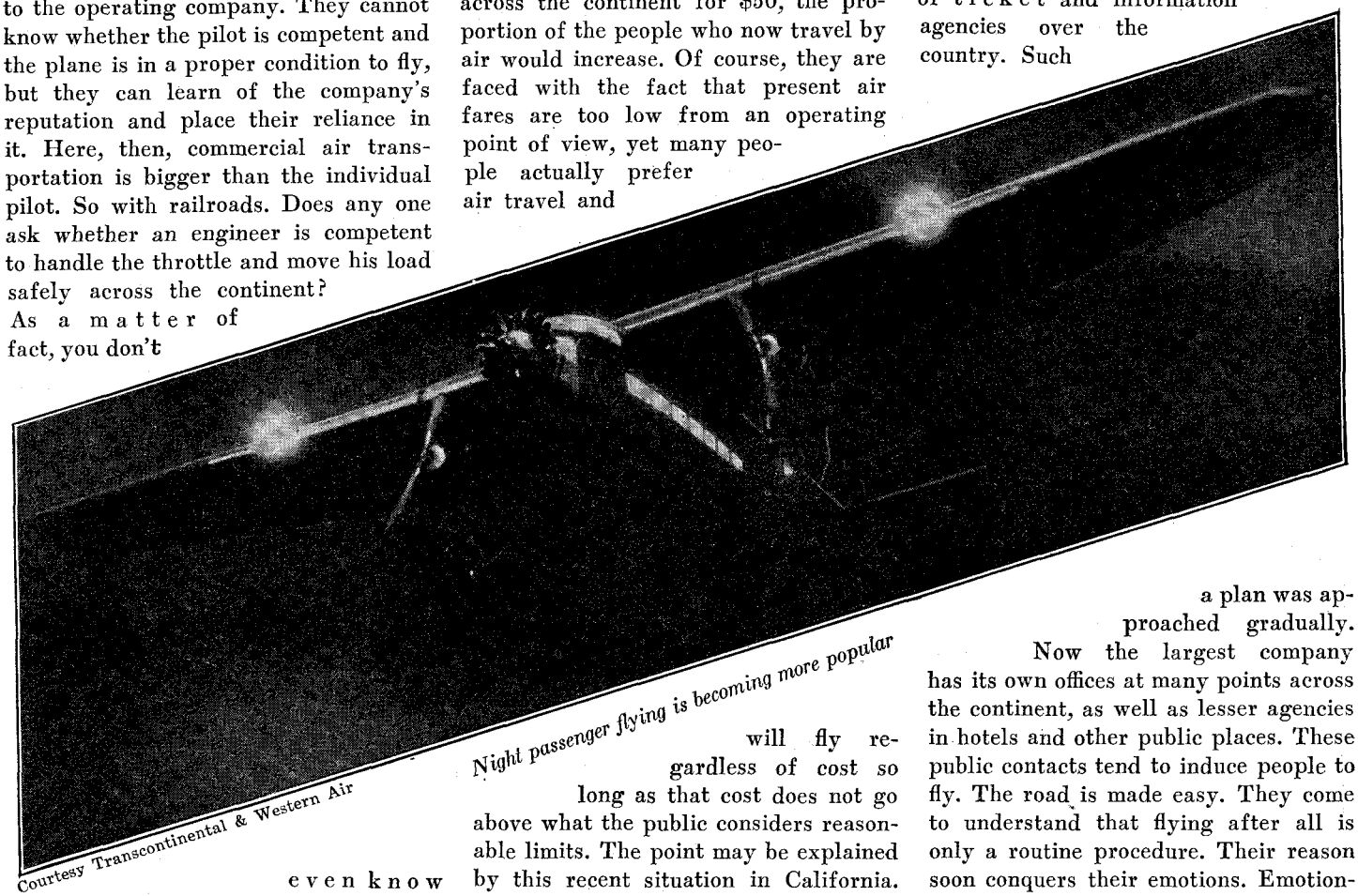
der. People will learn rapidly, if permitted to do so, that air transportation is as much an established means of transportation as are others, and even more pleasant."

I have noted since the "tourist crop" commenced to fly that they discriminate not as to the plane and the pilot, but as to the operating company. They cannot know whether the pilot is competent and the plane is in a proper condition to fly, but they can learn of the company's reputation and place their reliance in it. Here, then, commercial air transportation is bigger than the individual pilot. So with railroads. Does any one ask whether an engineer is competent to handle the throttle and move his load safely across the continent? As a matter of fact, you don't even know whether the cab contains an engineer when you start on a rail journey. You know the railroad company will determine the presence and competency of the engineer. So it should be—and is—with aviation.



Courtesy Transcontinental & Western Air

Night passenger flying is becoming more popular

Along with the "institutionalizing" of the pilot, as the public forget Bill Jones and remember "United States Air Express," they begin to display a willingness to pay a higher rate to that company which they know is properly financed and properly operated. The ill-financed and ill-operated company, the public quickly sees, cannot be trusted to fly equipment that assuredly will function without fail.

My reference to higher fares should not be considered too broadly. It follows that as the companies reduce fares they enlarge their clientele. They may operate the finest, most luxurious, fastest and safest airplanes in the world, but people who otherwise would fly will continue riding the trains until air fares compete seriously with surface fares.

In fact, the simple economics of the situation force many to go the cheapest way, even though that way be uncomfortable and slow. If transport companies could carry passengers today across the continent for $50, the proportion of the people who now travel by air would increase. Of course, they are faced with the fact that present air fares are too low from an operating point of view, yet many people actually prefer air travel and will fly regardless of cost so long as that cost does not go above what the public considers reasonable limits. The point may be explained by this recent situation in California. For a short time railroad and steamship lines offered special round-trip excursion fares of $10 between Los Angeles and San Francisco, a trip that normally costs about $22 plus pullman. That low fare apparently did not affect aviation business between the same points; people in a hurry will travel by air because trains and steamers cannot be speed competitors.

But who's traveling by air? As I pointed out earlier, business men to a limited extent use the air liners, and tourists' business has shown a decided increase. The tourist increase has come about because of two principal facts. Not only have fares been reduced drastically in the last year, but also information concerning air facilities and routes has been broadcast widely. The spreading of information has followed the increase in the network of lines over the country. For instance, at any of the offices of Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., people can have for the asking information regarding not only their schedules but also they can learn where and how they can go by air, even to the remotest corners of the nation.

All companies started in a comparatively small way. It was not practicable at the outset to establish great systems of ticket and information agencies over the country. Such a plan was approached gradually.

Now the largest company has its own offices at many points across the continent, as well as lesser agencies in hotels and other public places. These public contacts tend to induce people to fly. The road is made easy. They come to understand that flying after all is only a routine procedure. Their reason soon conquers their emotions. Emotionally, the problem goes back to the well-known fear of the unknown. After the first flight, however, most people prefer flying to other transportation means.

Fundamentally, it is not the type that changes but the circumstances that broaden the usefulness of aviation. Some human beings take to anything new. Old people take a sensible view of flying. They have lived long enough to see railroads, telephones and radio come into widespread usage. They consider aviation merely another scientific advance, and then promptly adopt it. They see airplanes go by as regular transports and get into them without fear. Certainly theirs is a reasonable attitude. One company has been carrying passengers relatively long distances during the last four years and *not one passenger has been injured.* Should that not be argument sufficiently potent to meet the arguments of those who say flying is dangerous?

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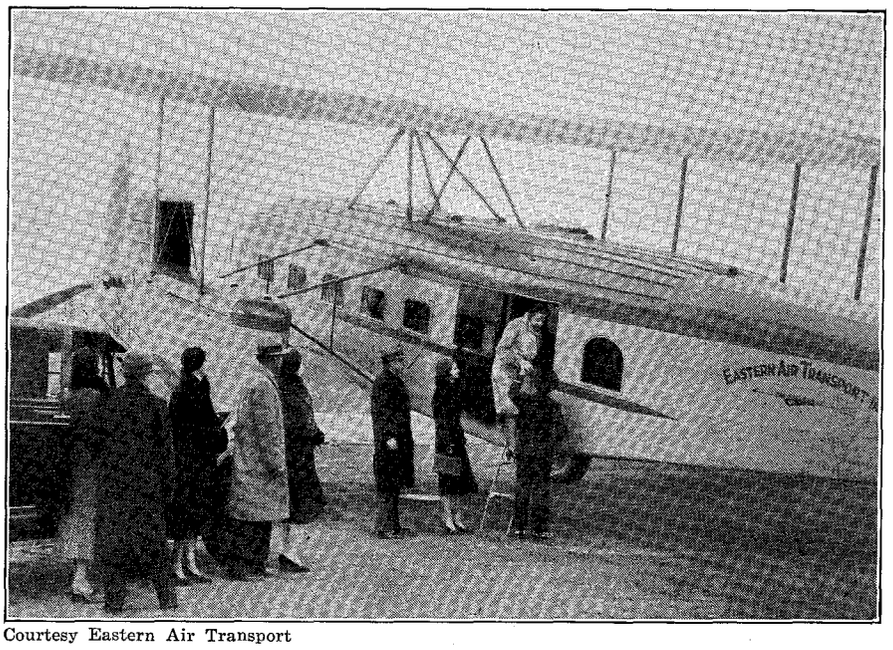
"Yes, I know, but the day I go somebody will get hurt."

How many times do you hear that?

You can't beat old man statistics. He shows that on the regular transport lines there actually is no more hazard than walking. In 1930 transport planes on regular runs flew over 33,800,000 miles, safely. As far as thrills are concerned, flying really is a disappointment in that the thrills just don't come. Scenically one can be thrilled every time he leaves the ground, but physically the anticipated sensations are prominent by their absence. A system that sees planes fly 90,000 miles on schedule every day, carrying passengers, mail and express, cannot exist on thrills. One-half of this great total is accomplished during hours of darkness. The mileage being flown over airways totals nearly 26,000 miles in length and approximately 1,600 established airports are in daily use, with an additional 1,400 planned for early development. As Congressman Laurence H. Watres said recently:

"Transportation always has been and always will be indispensable to industry and commerce. The latter has progressed in direct proportion to development of improvements in the former. Air transportation offers a medium of movement unequalled in speed or directness of route by any existing or known transport system; it is gradually proving itself to be amenable to the age-old law of economics; design and development of aircraft, of ground facilities, instruments, equipment, etc., are rapidly removing any peculiar hazards, thus extending the sphere of usefulness and increasing safety and reliability."



Courtesy Eastern Air Transport

When women fly, men will go, too

Many passengers expect sensations of rushing in the air. They may go two miles a minute and still not experience a feeling of great motion. This may sound bromidic but it is one of the first objections of the newcomer to the air. The scenic possibilities of night flying offer great returns in pleasure. Many passengers prefer to fly into Los Angeles from San Francisco on the night plane on account of the marvelous view. In fact, no passenger in the West has voiced any objections to night travel, and the public has shown a preference for late day and early night schedules. In a relatively short time air transport companies will be flying passenger schedules around the clock. It is only a lack of facilities that prevents all-night flying being conducted now. At least one company carries people as late as midnight and has never yet had a passenger refuse to take the plane because he feared flying in the dark. The physical beauties of night flying are enhanced by the smoothness of the air. The air smooths out with the coming of dusk and as lights from cities below flash through the darkness these scenes are reflected in clouds. There are no mysterious problems in flying at night. Some passengers have thought the pilot invokes some scientific means of controlling the plane in the dark, but the routine continues as during the day. It is true that pilots cannot see approaching clouds and storms at night as easily as under the sun's light. For that reason it becomes more difficult to fly at night during bad weather. On the other hand, transport companies do not make a practice of flying in weather that offers hazards.

What is the public's interest in these precautions? They have learned already that failures of material contribute in only a small measure to airplane accidents. The Department of Commerce has drawn up a standard of minimum requirements to provide for the present increased growth and expansion of passenger air transportation. These requirements, prepared with the cooperation of the air transport organizations, include complete radio equipment to insure two-way communication between planes in flight and stations on the ground and adequate ground organizations for the proper handling, maintenance and operation of aircraft. This undoubtedly will prove to be a forward step in the orderly prog-

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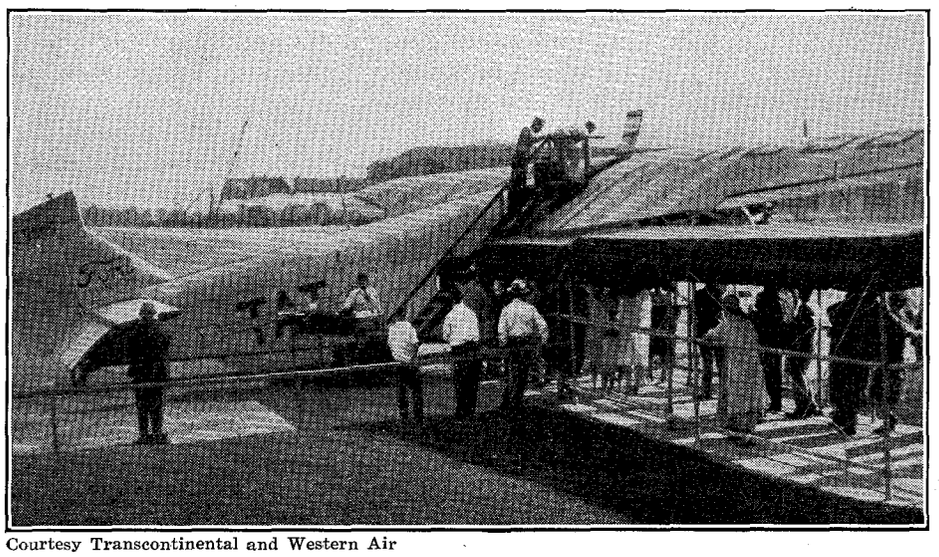

Courtesy Transcontinental and Western Air

Space for baggage is provided in the wings

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Russia as a Business Rival

By GUY GREER

What have we to fear from the competition of a Russia feverishly industrializing one of the world's most populous countries? Will she upset the world's markets and bring about a lower standard of living everywhere? The answer to the question is expressed in this article by an economist who served the Reparations Commission and has had wide experience as an observer in Europe.

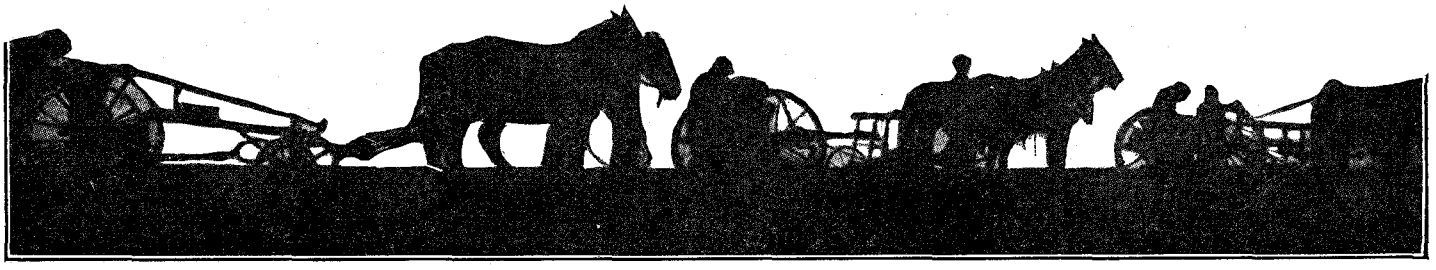
THE Five-Year Plan of the Soviet government for the industrialization of Russia is on the whole a strikingly successful enterprise. Nearly all qualified observers who have studied its actual operation on the ground are in substantial agreement that from a purely material point of view this is so, although grave doubts have often been expressed as to whether the results obtained are not being paid for at too high a price in non-material values. Whatever the moral or spiritual issues involved, however, Russia is engaged in more than doubling the physical volume of her annual production of commodities; and, barring wars or other unforeseen calamities, she will complete the essentials of the immense program within the time limits originally laid down.

Apart from the extraordinary comprehensiveness and flexibility of the plan itself, the explanation of its successful accomplishment probably lies in the emotional drive which animates the Russian people. The Bolshevik leaders, employing the most effective methods of modern propaganda, have convinced the masses of the population that they are engaged in a struggle for national self-preservation. Indeed, the very language used to describe the carrying out of the Five-Year Plan is that of war; and under the stimulus thus provided the material and human resources of the country have been mobilized in a fashion that can only be compared with the unexampled concentration of national purpose and energy in Europe and America during the War. The results in increased production and productive capacity have already become evident. But the incredible accomplishments stipulated in the Five-Year Plan are described by the Bolshevik leaders as merely the first step in a long-term program designed to make Russia the most thoroughly industrialized country in the world. Eventually they expect to bring about an almost complete mechanization of Russian agriculture, thus applying to the whole nation the principles now applied mainly, even in the most advanced of other countries, only to the operation of non-agricultural industry. Moreover, the entire undertaking is to be carried out in accordance with the precepts of socialism—that is to say, the chief incentives to material accomplishment are to be honor and glory and the pride of achievement, while the promise of material gain will be held out, not primarily to the individual, but only to the community at large.

The long-term program involves plans still more ambitious, still more audacious, than the one now being carried out. It is doubtless true that in the matter of self-denial and privation on the part of the Russian people the tasks of the future will be easier than those of the present enterprise, since with the completion of the Five-Year Plan the general standard of living in Russia can be substantially raised; but in all questions of leadership, of coordination and direction, the job will be incomparably more difficult and complicated. The chances for successfully carrying out the long-term program, therefore, will rest more than ever upon the integrity and ability of the men who are to retain control of the Russian government.

In general terms it may be said that, overwhelming though Russia's program of increasing production may appear, the most formidable economic task of her rulers in the future will be that of distribution. In the field of industrial production she has only to take and use, on a wider scale, the knowledge already acquired through generations of progress in other countries, while in the domain of distribution she is faced with the problem of breaking new ground. In agricultural production, it is true, she must devise new methods of organization, and the Soviet government admits that in this field it is feeling its way, but the ultimate success of the agricultural program itself will depend very largely upon the manner in which the processes of distribution are regulated and controlled. Russia's millions of small farmers may be expected to enter enthusiastically into socialized and cooperative cultivation of the land only if they are assured (with something more tangible than glowing words) of a higher standard of living and a better life; and this assurance can be given them only through an equitable distribution of the entire output of commodities and services of the nation.

The Soviet government has and will have on its hands by far the largest commercial enterprise in the world. Some idea of the sheer size of the business organization involved may be had if we imagine for a moment that a dozen of the largest industrial concerns in America, such as U. S. Steel, General Motors, the Standard Oil Companies, and the like; all the great chain store systems and mail order houses; the department stores; the packing houses; all the agricultural cooperatives and a rapidly growing number of the farms; the baking concerns and the food com-



SOWING SEED BY MACHINERY ON RUSSIAN STATE FARM
Horses are still used, but have been replaced largely by tractors

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panies; the radio and the moving picture companies—that all these were rolled together into one huge corporation, and that the public utilities, the railroads, and the Federal Reserve System were thrown in for good measure. If we imagine further that this colossal enterprise is managed by a single board of directors, controlling numerous subsidiary boards, we shall be in a position to understand something of the tasks of coordination and direction devolving upon the Communist masters of Russia. Their job is to keep all the potential workers of the country employed, in the production of an increasing output of goods and services, and to see to it that the workers collectively (comprising practically the whole of the adult population) are provided at all times with sufficient purchasing power to buy all that is produced for consumption, while maintaining always a proper balance between the output of producers' goods and consumers' goods to ensure uninterrupted economic progress.

Can any organization composed of human beings accomplish such a task? It must be said at the outset that on such a scale no other organization has ever tried it before. Only a few Utopian dreamers have ever conceived of it or attempted to describe it. But after a fashion, with many costly errors and gross imperfections, by methods that have often aroused the horrified indignation of the rest of the world, the Bolshevik rulers of Russia have been doing it; and they have declared their intention to carry on. When we attempt to appraise their chances for ultimate success we find them possessed of a number of important assets and certain serious liabilities.

Apart from their unlimited power, which appears to be secure for any measurable period of the future, their greatest asset seems to be the State Planning Commission, through which they are attempting for the first time in history to direct and control every important phase of the economic life of a nation. That commission, made up of engineers, economists, and political scientists, assisted by subsidiary bodies comprising most of the organized experts of Russia, constitutes the central regulating organism for the performance of the task. Already as an institution it has had over ten years of experience; and the manner in which it has been able to meet unforeseen conditions, altering its methods and sometimes contradicting its own former pronouncements, is one of the marvels of the evolution of modern economic doctrine. Its members, who are shifted about and changed from time to time, but comprise a continuing organization, appear to be under no compulsion whatever to follow the dictates of ordinary consistency. This quality of readiness to change methods represents, of course, within reason, a very great advantage.

THE WOMEN STILL WORK

In pre-war Russia women knit at home and there was no large-scale knit goods industry, but the Vitebsk knitting factory is one of the largest in Europe

Of almost equal importance with the functions of the State Planning Commission itself is the elaborate scheme now being carried out for the training of Russian technicians and skilled workers. All the higher institutions of learning of the country, the secondary schools, the workers' institutes, the various night schools and other similar organizations have been mobilized for the purpose. Each has its quota, to be turned out within a given time, of the divers classes of students trained to take their places in the economic organization of the nation. The number required by the end of the Five-Year Plan has been carefully calculated, and in cases where it is impossible for the schools to graduate the requisite number with the prescribed standards of instruction, the courses of study are to be curtailed or intensified, much as in America during the War the students at West Point and Annapolis were graduated ahead of schedule, or officers were turned out from the training camps after a few months of intensive instruction. Meanwhile, the additional technical assistance indispensable for the Five-Year Plan itself is being procured outside of Russia.

Assuming the success of the Five-Year Plan (of which the educational program is an integral part), it seems reasonably safe to predict that the required number of technicians and skilled workers, only half trained in many instances perhaps, but nevertheless capable of carrying on after a fashion, will be available to operate the Russian economic system. Again we come back to the question, Can the Bolshevik leaders themselves, through their State Planning Commission, coordinate and direct their huge enterprise?

It must be admitted that their having done so to date, however imperfectly, is strong presumptive evidence that they can and will; all the more so when it is remembered that they have frankly declared their intention to stop at nothing to attain their ends. The driving force back of Communism in Russia is furnished by men who have been tried in the furnace of years of persecution for their political beliefs. They are animated by something of the zeal of the early Christians, or perhaps more accurately, the early Mohammedans. There is not the slightest doubt that Communism to these men is a kind of religion, for which most of them have been ready at all times during the last twenty-five or thirty years to give their lives. They quarrel among themselves sometimes, and several of the original members of the Communist Party have been expelled or shorn of power; but as a group they still have the real control of the Russian government. They are possessed not only of power; whatever their morals according to other standards, they have shown themselves endowed with executive and administrative ability of a high order. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the American consulting engineer who is building on the Dnieper River the largest hydroelectric plant in the world, and who is in no wise in sympathy with the doctrines of Communism, has this to say about them:

"Our close relations with the Soviet officials for the past four and a half years have convinced me that the entire Communist experiment is in the control of men of vision and ability, showing personal honesty of the highest character, particularly with reference to contractual relations entered into by the Soviets with the outside world. No fair observer who has actually seen what has already been accomplished by these men in control can doubt their eventual ability to distribute successfully the new

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industrial production in a way that will substantially raise the standard of living of all their people."

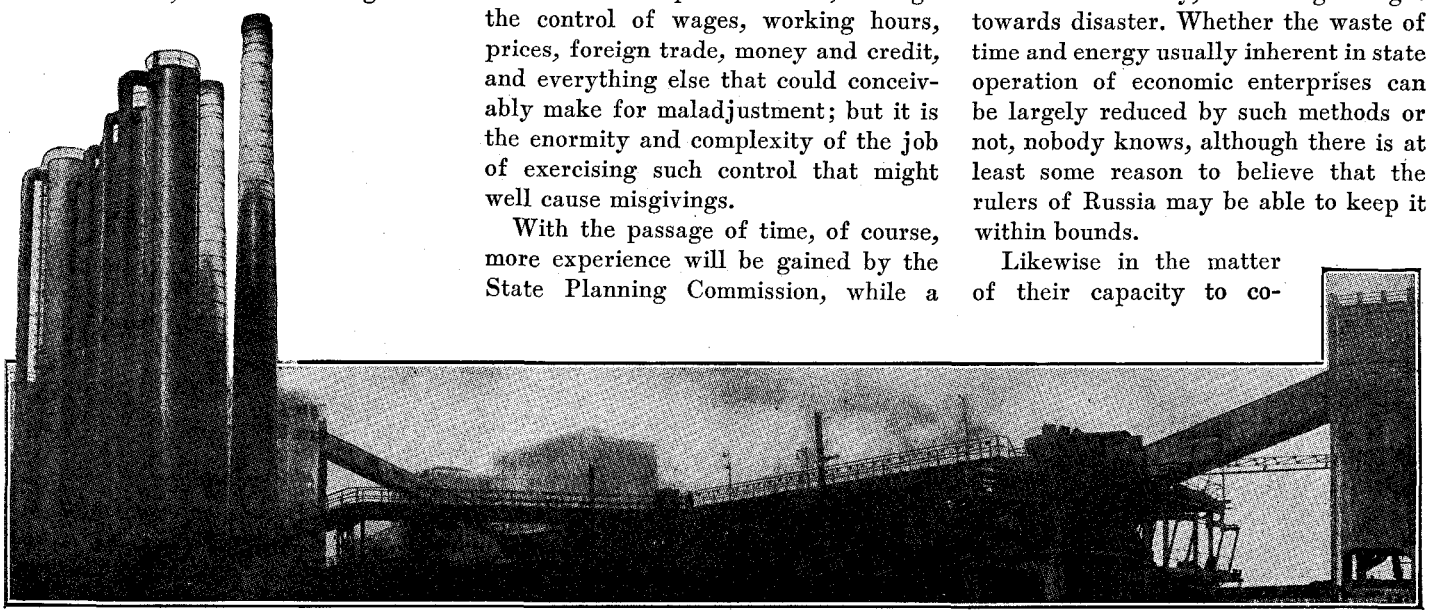
As far as the present rulers of Russia are concerned, there are many reasons to believe that the unprecedented economic development now going on can and will be continued. But what of socialism? Speaking of the successful accomplishment of the Five-Year Plan, of which he is thoroughly convinced, Colonel Cooper ventures the following prediction: "The degree of this success will be developed by the school of hard experience, and it is my personal opinion that the highest degree of performance by the industrial facilities represented in the completed Five-Year Plan will only be secured by the adoption of some kind of modified system of private capitalism, and that this modified plan will be dictated entirely by those now in control of Soviet affairs."

It was originally anticipated that by the end of the Five-Year Plan practically the whole of Russian industry and about one-fourth Russian agriculture would be socialized, that is, operated either by the state, by cooperatives under the control of the state, or as collective farms. Some ninety-five per cent of all trade, exclusive of agriculture, was to be carried on in the same socialized fashion. As a matter of fact, almost the whole of the socialization program had been realized by the end of the second year of the plan. Collective farming had indeed far surpassed the original expectations after a little more than one year, although the rapid progress in this respect turned out to be a disastrous mistake, both because large numbers of farmers had been forced to enter the collectives against their will and because the government was not yet in a position to supply the machinery and equipment required for mechanized farming. Consequently a halt was called and many of the collectives were disbanded. The movement was later resumed, however, on what appears to be a healthier basis. At present the collectives in operation show every indication of being permanent organizations, and the number is growing. All things considered, therefore, the progress of socialization of the country is more rapid than was planned.

On the liability side of the ledger of the future, however, it must be recorded that the progress to date has been made under circumstances and conditions that are certain to become more difficult as time goes on. For one thing, the distribution problems will become much more complicated. So long as there exists what is described by the Bolshevik leaders themselves as a "goods famine," there will be no real problem of markets, except for transportation and the mere matter of allowing the people to come and buy everything that can be produced. When the various divisions of production begin turning out an abundance of all manner of goods, which to some extent will have to compete with each other for the purchasing power of the people—one sort of luxuries against another, for example—the maintenance of equilibrium will become a task that fairly staggers the imagination. It is true that according to Communist theory all the various divisions will be kept in balance, through the control of wages, working hours, prices, foreign trade, money and credit, and everything else that could conceivably make for maladjustment; but it is the enormity and complexity of the job of exercising such control that might well cause misgivings.

With the passage of time, of course, more experience will be gained by the State Planning Commission, while a large part of the total economic organization of the country will tend to become a matter of routine, more or less capable of running itself, in much the same manner as the various bureaucratic divisions of large industry in other countries. This latter development, however, is likely to be an asset of doubtful value, for undoubtedly one of the most serious obstacles to the success of the Communist undertaking is bureaucracy, and the attitude of nonchalant mental inactivity that seems to become endemic with the rank and file of the operatives of all very large organizations. Russia has inherited from the former régime about the worst system of bureaucracy in the world, along with the public apathy and indifference that go with it; under the present system, with the state operating practically everything in the country, there will be almost certainly a tendency for the deadening incubus to become more firmly attached. The Bolshevik leaders, however, appear to be acutely aware of the danger from this source. Indeed they are taking energetic measures to combat it. In a manner that might be calculated to strike any other autocratic government dumb with astonishment, they invite and encourage the public to indulge in the most merciless criticism of exaggerated bureaucracy and other manifestations of official inefficiency, through the press; until it has become a somewhat bitter pleasantry in Russia that if one reads the Soviet newspapers (there are no others) he will soon become convinced that the Five-Year Plan, along with the entire economic organization of the country, is heading straight towards disaster. Whether the waste of time and energy usually inherent in state operation of economic enterprises can be largely reduced by such methods or not, nobody knows, although there is at least some reason to believe that the rulers of Russia may be able to keep it within bounds.

Likewise in the matter of their capacity to co-



NEW COKE AND CHEMICAL WORKS IN THE DONETZ BASIN

More than 400,000 tons of coke are supplied yearly from this works, which has 100 furnaces, a chemical plant and a coal enrichment works

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ordinate and direct their immense undertaking in accordance with the precepts of socialism, nothing can be predicted with certainty. It is quite possible that they may be able to do so, if they wish. There is little doubt that the present Bolshevik leaders do wish, but already these are for the most part elderly men. In a few years they will begin to die off, and their places will be taken by men who have never experienced the long periods of persecution which have hardened the group now in control. It is true that the new class of rulers, in larger numbers than ever before, will have been subjected to intensive training in Communism, but they will not have undergone intense suffering for their political beliefs. No doubt the younger generation of Communists, like their elders, are now dominated by the powerful emotion of the new religion, but in the very nature of things such a surcharged psychological atmosphere cannot endure indefinitely. The time will come when the direction of the economic activity of Russia will be a matter of cold reason rather than burning emotional zeal. The forces of human greed and acquisitiveness, which have by no means been destroyed, will begin to reassert themselves more vigorously. Large numbers of people will experience a strong desire to accumulate wealth; and if they are allowed to do so, sooner or later they will also acquire power. As a matter of practice rather than theory, there will probably be no way to prevent them from acquiring both. Even under the most extreme theories of Communism allowance is made for some inequality of income. A good many engineers and technical directors in Russia are even now paid from ten to fifteen times as much wages or salary as common laborers; and while in theory all this can ultimately be controlled by the government, it will probably be quite impossible to prevent the more energetic individuals from accumulating considerable fortunes if they wish to do so.

On the other hand, it may be admitted as a possibility—a feeble hope, perhaps—that the standard of living of the whole population might be so substantially raised that even the poorest and most incompetent persons in the country would be

In the new Knibyshev metal works

definitely freed from the fear of privation, while at the same time the more cultivated individuals, with larger wants, would be able to satisfy in moderation their desire for an ampler mode of life, without the great wealth which in other countries is so often used for mere luxurious display. In such an event, it is at least conceivable that incentives for achievement other than that of material gain might exert the decisive influence in the evolution of the Russian economic system.

We must attempt to draw some sort of conclusions as to what is likely to happen in Russia in the near future—within the next ten or fifteen years. Of one thing we may be fairly certain. Russia will assume a place in the economic organization of the world immensely more important than ever before in history. The economic accomplishments of the Five-Year Plan are real. They will exist in terms of power plants, steel mills, factories, huge industrialized farms. Under almost any conceivable political régime these things will endure. It may be that the evolution of the economic organization will continue towards complete socialism. There may be established gradually a system of modified capitalism, as Colonel Cooper believes; but in all events it is likely to be only a modified system. The methods of industrialized agriculture will have gone too far, and demonstrated too conclusively their advantages in efficiency, for the country ever to return to former methods of small-scale farming. The great industrial organizations, the consumers' cooperatives, the railroads, and the public utilities, are likely to become too firmly established in their highly concentrated form ever to be broken up into small units. Certain divisions of industrial and commercial activity may eventually be again turned over to private enterprise, but the economic organization of the country as a whole is likely to remain predominantly socialist.

What matters chiefly to the outside world is the fact that Russia is in the process of becoming a great economic power. Already her exports of grain and other primary products, made absolutely necessary by her requirements of foreign funds to pay for indispensable imports of productive equipment, have profoundly affected world markets. And the present volume of Russian exports is merely a beginning. It is true that Russia may be expected to go on importing approximately as much as she exports, thus making a balanced addition to the trade of the world, although it happens that most of her exports go to one group of countries while the bulk of her imports are bought from others. In the long run this should not matter, since the ordinary interchange of products among nations should bring about an adjustment; but the disconcerting fact is that any addition whatever to the total trade of the world is rendered exceedingly difficult by the existing system of tariff barriers. Because of that system, and the restricted channels of trade that have been established under it, any sudden increase of the exports from any one country (of, say, wheat or other grain to Europe) results in serious

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ARTILLERY FOR FARMS
Tractors are transported north from the Crimea to other state farms when the sowing season ends there

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Europe Lining Up for War

By HENRY K. NORTON

WHETHER there shall be peace or war in Europe is the major issue for Western civilization. It is doubtful if there is any single issue of more importance to any European government, because another general war would greatly reduce the expectation of life of most if not all of them. For the United States a repetition of 1914-1918 would be an appalling catastrophe even if we did not become militarily involved. Our chances of staying out would be none too good. What, then, are the possibilities of war?

The Pope, in his Christmas allocution, expresses his inability to "believe in the reality of these threats" of war, "for we cannot believe that any civilized state could become so monstrously homicidal, and almost certainly suicidal." Former Secretary of State Kellogg, returning to this country with the Nobel peace prize, asserts somewhat broadly that nobody *in* Europe is planning war. Foreign Minister Henderson adds his assurance that no government is plotting war or wants war. Many others have contributed equally comforting statements.

But do they protest too much? Even if we accept as literally true the conclusion that no government in Europe is planning or wants war, there remains the disconcerting fact that many of the governments of Europe are demanding and striving for things which they fear may provoke war. Their general staffs are planning for that contingency and they have their deadly time-tables just as they did in 1914. It has been fairly conclusively demonstrated that nobody wanted war in that year—but they got it. Doubtless it was something of this kind that Mr. Henderson had in mind when, in the same speech in which he assured us no government was planning for war, he said:

> Unless we can build the structure of world peace upon a firm foundation, unless we can do it now before the memories of war have faded, we may depend upon it that sooner or later—and probably rather sooner than later—a cataclysm will come upon the world which will engulf all that we care about in Western civilization.

The present structure of world peace stands upon a foundation hardly more secure than that of 1914. In many respects the situation in Europe is similar to that which existed in that fatal year. There are deterrent factors which did not exist at that time, but it would be folly indeed to ignore the forces that are pushing the nations toward a new conflict. The peace treaties of 1919 left the Allies in undisputed domination of Europe. The four central powers were defeated, disarmed, powerless. It was a victor's peace and was secure as long as the victors retained an overwhelming military superiority. It was also a peace which was bound to turn the energies of the defeated into efforts to upset it. As we look over the developments of the decade which has passed since, the course of events is disconcertingly clear. It has led with almost unerring directness toward a re-division of Europe. Today the continent is again an armed camp with two groups of nations facing each other in apparently irreconcilable conflict. One group insists upon the eternalization of the *status quo* and stands ready to defend it at any cost. The other is striving with unrelenting purpose to change it, and war is the final sanction.

Keystone

MUSSOLINI
Who is lining up allies for Italy

France emerged from the last struggle triumphant, dominant, satisfied. Assisted by her allies, she had achieved a supremacy on the continent which she was highly resolved to maintain at whatever price. Her cry was "security and reparations," but if she must choose between the two, she must have security. Security appears to be a noble aim. It is a thing to which all nations may legitimately aspire. France readily concedes it to all nations provided she attains it herself. The difficulty is that in French eyes "security" means not only the safety of her people, her territory and her trade, but the elimination of any threat against the hegemony she now enjoys in Europe. For France "security" means the acceptance for all time by other nations of her present domination of the continent. Illogical as it may seem to the French, there are other nations which view such "security" for France as irreconcilable with any sort of security for themselves.

There are nations which share the French viewpoint. Belgium was equally the victim of German aggression in 1914. Soon after the War the Belgian and French military staffs got together with the approval of their governments and worked out plans for a joint defense against any future German invasion. There was no formal treaty; the agreement was never submitted to either parliament; and the terms are still unknown to the world. But Belgium has figured in all analyses of European possibilities as a dependable ally of France.

Within the last few weeks, Emile

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Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist leader, who was Foreign Minister when the military agreement was made, has raised the question as to whether it should be continued. He contends that the Locarno Pacts have so altered the situation that it is no longer desirable for Belgium and that if it is extended Belgium might be drawn into war over some issue arising out of French commitments in eastern Europe with which Belgium has little or no concern. Vandervelde's objection is compounded of good statesmanship and good internal politics, but it is inevitably doomed to futility. If his contention were to prevail, it might weaken France's position of dominance. If war came, Belgium would be as little likely to escape as in the previous wars of Europe. As one Belgian of high position expressed it: "Belgium must be either the left wing of the French army or the right wing of the German army." In any war in Europe in the near future, Belgium will have only this choice, and she will be the "left wing of the French army."

Other states are as closely bound to France. Poland's interest in the preservation of the sanctity of the peace treaties is as great as that of France, for Poland owes her existence to those treaties. If they are flouted Poland's national foundations are threatened. If this were not enough, her situation on an open plain between Germany and Russia would bind her in a life and death alliance with France. Hence Poland, with the aid of French money and French military brains, has built up and maintains a magnificent army. That huge military machine is dedicated to the preservation of the *status quo*.

The nations of the Little Entente are equally wedded to France. Czechoslovakia was, like Poland, born of the peace treaties. Like her neighbor, she looks upon them as the charter of her national existence. She is apprehensive of Germany because of her large German minority. She is still more apprehensive of Hungary because a good half of Czechoslovakian territory was formerly ruled from Budapest. Not only her army, but her not inconsiderable industrial strength, are both placed at the service of the peace treaties and the status which they have established.

Rumania is also uneasy in her conscience about Hungary. The peace treaties wrenched Transylvania from the grasp of Budapest and threw it in the lap of Bucharest, thus increasing the latter's territory by about one-half. Rumania naturally intends to keep what she has gained and to that end preserves the closest ties with her allies of the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and through them with the dominant power of France. Yugoslavia not only has former Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian territory within her present boundaries, but she has fallen heir to the Italian hostility which in former years vented itself upon Austria. Yugoslavia thus finds herself surrounded by potential enemies in a highly unsettled region. She has many advantages, but their preservation depends upon the continuance of the *status quo*. The Yugoslavs, despite their internal quarreling, are at one in support of the treaties and in their loyalty to France.

Here then are six of the powerful nations of Europe bound in alliance to keep Europe as it is. Their nationalism is rampant. Their freedom in military matters is complete. Their armies, including reserves, total 11,400,000 men. Industrially and agriculturally they are strong in proportion. They are satisfied —for the time being at least—with what they have. All they ask is to be allowed to keep and enjoy it in peace. All they want is "security."

Keystone

GREECE AND YUGOSLAVIA CONFER

Premier Venizelos of Greece and Marinkovitch, Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, have been talking of peace and war

They are not plotting to make war. They do not want war. Why should they? They have everything to lose and little if anything to gain by war. But they are unceasingly vigilant lest some one else start a war, and their military staffs have ready all the plans for their participation without delay. It is war of defense they are thinking of, but nevertheless it is war. Let M. Tardieu, as Premier Minister of France, speak for the alliance over which France presides: "The day that frontier revision starts will be the signal for war which will follow a few months later." Thus he spoke in the French Chamber of Deputies. He was followed by M. Briand, the champion of peace, who added in his own defense: "I have never neglected an occasion to use my influence toward assuring our security when I thought it was necessary. . . . It is natural and perfectly legal to defend our frontiers." And what M. Briand claims as natural and legal for France, he would not deny as natural and legal for France's allies.

Such frank statements leave little room for doubt that these six powers would resort to military means to prevent any alteration of the peace treaties as the fundamental law of Europe. They are open to no charge of insincerity as far as the Kellogg Pact is concerned, for they would all be acting on the defensive. They were careful to see that wars of defense were definitely excluded from the pact before they affixed their signatures. Facing this array of power and legality are six other nations which for various reasons are supremely discontented with things as they are. The justification for their discontent is not in question here. It is the fact which interests us. The French conception of "security" means for them an intolerable insecurity. They are as determined to alter the *status quo* as are France and her allies to maintain it.

Germany chafes under what she considers the injustices of the peace treaties. She has accepted as definitely settled the new boundary in the west, which gives Alsace-Lorraine to France, but her eastern boundary, and especially the Polish Corridor, she refuses to consider as finally delimited. She resents the reparations obligations as "tribute" unjustly imposed upon her by the victors, and she protests most vigorously against the restrictions upon her military establishment. Count von Bernstorff at Geneva periodically demands either that the Allies disarm in pursuance of what he characterizes as the "bargain" made at Versailles, or that they acknowledge their failure to keep

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their part of this bargain and allow Germany to re-arm herself accordingly. The Germans know very well that the Allies are not going to disarm for any such reason, but they are giving currency to the idea that Germany has regained her own right to spend her substance on armaments.

Armaments, reparations, the Corridor —these are but the outstanding matters upon which Germany demands revision of the peace treaties. As fast as one issue is disposed of, she raises others and will continue to do so until she achieves her goal—restoration to complete freedom and equality with the other great powers. The concessions already made to her—concessions in regard to which France feels so virtuous and so resentful of Germany's failure to "appreciate" her virtue—concern the lesser and more easily adjusted matters. We have already quoted M. Briand's assurance that they did not affect France's "security." It is the vital things upon which Germany's attention is centered and she clings tenaciously to her determination to secure satisfaction in regard to them.

Austria is equally discontented with the peace settlement. Her empire is gone forever. Her economic structure is wrecked. Her cherished desire is to find a measure of well-being by merging herself with Germany. But this *Anschluss* is forbidden by the peace treaties. Austria is powerless to change them, but her sympathies and such strength as she has may be counted upon by the opponents of the *status quo*. Her position between Germany and Hungary and Italy would make her a factor of no slight value if a conflict should come.

Hungary has been perhaps the most irreconcilable of all the defeated powers. The Magyar aristocracy quickly re-established their control of the country after the War and ceaselessly agitated for the return of their lost Hungarian territories. They deeply resent the treaty limitations upon their military activities, and the discovery of large shipments of machine-guns consigned to Hungary by Italy would indicate that they have taken their treaty obligations somewhat lightly.

Keystone

COUNT BETHLEN

The Hungarian Premier, who plans a strong role in the new political lining up.

Bulgaria is restive under the prodding of her victorious Balkan neighbors. Lost territories, military restrictions, reparations, all play their part in Bulgarian resentment as in the other defeated countries. Powerless alone, the Bulgarians are numbered among those who would seize the opportunity of any upheaval to release themselves from the galling bonds of the present peace.

The four defeated nations have all been forcibly disarmed by the Allies and, unassisted, would constitute none too serious a threat to the "security" of the victors. Aid and comfort have come to the defeated, however, and from an unexpected quarter. Italy was among the victors of the War, and as such was counted for a long time among the supporters of the peace treaties, but under the Fascist rods Italy has whipped herself into a state of mind similar to that of the defeated powers. She is as little pleased as any of them with her present position and possessions. Italy, too, demands a new deal. Mussolini, with characteristic bluntness, notifies the world that before there can be tranquillity in Europe the peace treaties must be revised.

Italy thus definitely ranges herself on the side of the opponents of the *status quo*. Hostility toward France had much to do with this decision and this hostility has been embittered by it. Italian diplomacy is busy at every capital in Europe and at Geneva endeavoring to disrupt the efforts of French diplomacy. An Italian princess is wedded to the Bulgarian king. Count Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, is a welcome visitor in Rome. Bethlen and Premier Venizelos of Greece meet in the Turkish capital. The Turkish Foreign Minister visits Rome. The Italian Foreign Minister and the Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs consult in Milan. To complete the picture Count Bethlen pays an opportune visit to Berlin and later suggests an economic coalition embracing Germany, Italy, Austria and Hungary.

The entrance of Italy into their ranks has converted despair into hope for the revisionists, for Italy is a power. Her military activities are in no way restricted by

Wide World

ITALY AND BULGARIA IN ALLIANCE

The fine hand of Mussolini was discerned in the marriage of King Boris of Bulgaria and Princess Giovanna of Italy

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▶▶ The Battle of Youngstown ◀◀

By **FRANK A. FALL**

NO LONGER, to crib a bit from Scott, do steel-clad warriors ride along the wild and willow'd shore of the Mahoning. The battle of the century has come to a pause, if not to an end. General Eaton and his cohorts have ridden away, proudly waving a banner bearing the words: "Judgment is for plaintiff, and permanent injunction allowed as prayed for in the petition."

This was no sham battle. All through the summer, and well into the autumn, steel clashed against steel. The big guns were brought into action, and their booming was heard around the world. Sensational developments came so fast that not even the tabloids could keep up with them—two deaths, one by suicide; amazing revelations concerning bonuses paid to executives; questioning of the dependability of internationally known accountants; and the appearance of a former Cabinet member as counsel for one of the litigants.

While this was an outstanding merger case, with a billion-dollar combination as the objective of Bethlehem Steel and the pro-merger faction of Sheet and Tube, the question of monopoly did not enter into the proceedings. With the gigantic steel enterprise rated by T. R. as a "good trust" still going strong, there was no call at Youngstown for a ballyhoo about unfair competition and dangerous concentration of capital.

The big question—and Judge David G. Jenkins put his finger deftly and firmly on it in his decision—was whether the owners of a business (the shareholders) could be kept in the dark by the directors and sold out by them without so much as a by-your-leave. As we are all shareholders, either actual or potential, the crux of the Bethlehem-Youngstown case emerged as a social problem of the first order.

In his decision, Judge Jenkins held that the Sheet and Tube directors did not give the Youngstown stockholders adequate information; that the part played by H. G. Dalton, a director of both of the corporations involved, was a breach of trust; that the Bethlehem bonus plan should have been carefully investigated and fully explained to the Youngstown stockholders; and that the report of three reviewing accountants had a misleading tendency.

The decision, as a whole, is bound to be referred to frequently in other cases involving the rights of stockholders, and we shall have plenty of these as long as the present epidemic of acute merger-itis continues unchecked. Whether it does or not, the Bethlehem-Youngstown case has cleared the air in regard to several points of vital importance to stockholders, actual or prospective.

One of these, and possibly the chief, is the right of shareholders to receive full and frank information concerning matters which affect their interests as owners of the enterprise. That they have been, in large measure, without such information in the past is not altogether

Keystone

CYRUS S. EATON

the fault of designing directors. The stockholders themselves are partly—perhaps largely—responsible for this condition. They have taken too much for granted, signing proxies with little or no thought as to how or by whom they were to be used.

From now on, stockholders who realize the dangers of secret negotiations and the desirability of having all of the cards laid face up on the table are going to be in a much better position to enforce their rights. They, and the directors who were so successful in keeping them in the dark, have had an object lesson that neither group is likely to forget.

The problem of the interlocking directorate has also been given a needed airing. Judge Jenkins handled Director Dalton without gloves. Here, he said, in effect, was a man trying to serve two masters, and it simply couldn't be done. From the very nature of his dual relation, Mr. Dalton was unable, no matter how much he may have desired it, to act without bias. His part in the negotiations was, therefore, a breach of trust and against public policy.

In regard to the Bethlehem bonus plans, the decision attacked not the principle of compensation involved but the failure of Messrs. Campbell, Purnell and Dalton to inform the Youngstown stockholders about it. That the bonus plan has enemies, even among the stockholders of Bethlehem, is revealed by the action of a group of the latter, known as the Midvale Committee, which holds that the stockholders have "a meritorious claim for redress" and has announced that it will fight for restitution of the bonuses and an adjustment of the bonus practice.

The facts revealed in regard to the bonuses may have surprised certain directors of Sheet and Tube, but they must have been known to many people who had no better sources of information than the Youngstown directors had. The bonus plan of compensation for executives has been part and parcel of every enterprise in which Mr. Schwab has had a hand, and, as everybody knows, he had more than one hand in the development of Bethlehem.

Concerning the accounting aspects of the case, it is the part of wisdom to generalize with discrimination. Accountancy has taken high ground in the United States, and has held it, for the most part, tenaciously. In this case the accountants appear to have been anything but free agents. They were, as Judge Jenkins said in his decision, "not untrammeled." The bases of the exchange of stock ratio arrived at by them were presented, not in a written report, but orally and privately to officers of the two corporations.

It is fortunate that the spotlight of publicity has been played, in a conspicuous case, on the relations of accountants to merger negotiations. But it would be most unfortunate if the proceedings at Youngstown, in which accountants figured none too bravely, were used to discredit the profession of accountancy or the service which accountants render to the management of business. Account-

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Bootleg Golf Balls

By GEORGE TREVOR

IT IS August, 1931. The scene is the Punkamashie Country Club shortly after noon of a "womanless Saturday." The links are crowded.

J. Roundhouse Hooker, congenital duffer, enters the professional's shop. Hooker can draw his personal check for a cold million, but he would swap half his bank balance for the thrill of signing his initials at the foot of a golf card bearing the mystic numerals 89. Materially speaking, he owns a Rolls Royce, an expensive family, and a tantalizing hook. It is the latter which has tinged his life with frustration. You can't get rid of a hook except by acquiring a slice—an ailment even more exasperating.

Hooker wears gray check knickers, a canary pullover jersey of bilious hue, and a haunted expression. He keeps glancing behind, like a man who is being shadowed in a collusive divorce case. Oblivious to the garish posters proclaiming the merits of the U. S. G. A.'s lighter and larger golf ball, J. Roundhouse Hooker opens a door giving access to the workroom. Somewhat furtively, as one who is about to violate a constitutional amendment, he tiptoes up to a blank wall, looks about him apprehensively, and delivers the countersign.

A little door swings open in the wall on a line with J. Roundhouse Hooker's eyes. A head pops out of the aperture. It belongs to Sandy MacDivot, Punkamashie's once law-abiding professional.

His left eyelid droops in a sardonic wink.

"Hello there, Mac," says Hooker, then, dropping his voice to a speakeasy whisper, "Have you got any good stuff?" "Pssst—Mr. Hooker," warns Sandy, "not so loud. Ye dropped in at a guid time. I'm just after getting a fresh supply straight off the boat."

"How much apiece?" retorts Hooker.

Illustrations from "Pictorial Golf," by H. B. Martin (Dodd, Mead)

"Three dollars each," replies MacDivot. "These are bona fide pre-rule stock—imported from London. Look at the label. Just feel the heft o' that ball. See how small it is. Why, that pill will add twenty yards to your drive, and curb your pesky slice in the bargain. Ye can't afford not to pay three dollars, Mr. Hooker."

With a sheepish grin, Hooker capitulates. Cash is passed as the contraband ammunition changes hands.

GOLF BALLS will be bootlegged this year, according to a former National open champion, though not with the secret fraternity flourishes that add piquancy to the imaginary transaction burlesqued above. After all, the speakeasy has outgrown the mysterious lodge hocus pocus common to the early years of prohibition. So it will be with the miscreant who is determined to stick to the 1.62 ball despite the U. S. G. A.'s embargo against the so-called "bullet." There will be a lot of these dissenters, my informant assures me, so many of them, in fact, that every enterprising professional who wants to capitalize this illegal demand is now laying in a supply of the outlawed spheroids.

If you are a golfer, you know that the "jackrabbit" ball which weighed 1.62 ounces and measured 1.62 inches in circumference was superseded on January first by a lighter and larger sphere. This new ball, 1.55 by 1.68, was developed by the U. S. G. A. It must be played in all competitions sponsored by that organization.

Britain's ruling golf body, the Royal and Ancient Society, has refused to discard the old ball. The jackrabbit remains legal overseas, much to the envy of the average American golfer who cannot understand why he should be compelled to play with a ball that seems likely to reduce his distance and accentuate his inaccuracy.

AGAINST their inclinations, American golf ball manufacturers have been forced to discontinue production of the small, heavy ball which helped popularize the game in America. Manufacturing dies and molds have been junked. Hereafter, the so-called "balloon ball" will be the only species made on this side of the Atlantic. Those recalcitrant spirits who feel that the U. S. G. A. has infringed upon their "pursuit of happiness" can thumb their nose at the Yankee golf czars by buying balls of English make. It remains to be seen how widespread this revolt is; whether it is possible to change the golfing habits

of the average American by legislative decree. We are to witness another "experiment noble in motive."

The writer talked recently with a

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The Business Woman as a Social Bore

By JERRY MAXWELL

KEEN, alert, eager, she is the most exhausting phenomenon of our time. Socially, we have never been confronted with her before. Her predecessor was one of two types—a quiet little person with the quiet little secretarial job which served to pass away the time between graduation and marriage, or, on the other hand, a fiercely dominating person, wedded to her career, before whom women shuddered and men trembled.

These two were no enigmas to society. The little stenographer had her own small circle of friends, usually girls she had known since her student days and a few steady young men of her neighborhood; the demon fared well—some one was her friend. But this new business woman—she is of different calibre. She is the kind of person we were used to seeing at pleasant little dinner parties; she is the person we used to admire; she is the person who was one of the brilliant wives of rising young men; she is the person who was one of our most amusing companions at luncheon or cocktails. Now she is none of these. She is the woman who has a job.

It doesn't really matter what the job is, just so long as it has an executive flavor and carries a certain amount of responsibility. Your new business woman thrives on responsibility. Often she is unmarried, sometimes she is divorced, but most often she has a husband and, likely as not, a child, who sit serenely behind her screen of well-oiled efficiency and never intrude themselves, in person or by proxy, into her daily affairs. Her household, if she is in favorable circumstances, is run by the most modern of well-trained servants, attuned to this strange, new, commanding tone of the business woman; if she is in less fortunate circumstances, her household is run by a slipshod colored girl who ambles in for a few hours every day and is supervised, every once in a while, by our lady's eagle-eyed mother, who has a very vulnerable, tender heart for the struggles of her incomprehensible daughter. Unmarried or divorced, she lives in an apartment hotel and throws domestic cares to the winds. The background of her home must follow only one unalterable rule—it must look smart.

Because good family, good birth, and a certain sophistication of outlook are factors not to be argued with, this new business woman and her husband, if she has one, are almost invariably well fed with invitations. She has her business friends, he has his; she has her former school friends, he has his; and they possess, mutually, a sprinkling of amusing or comfortable or sparkling friends whom they have chosen since their marriage. Consequently they travel about town a good bit—far more than they should. In the matter of dinner parties, for instance, those pleasurable little affairs that used to be the forte of such women as ours, here it is that she exerts her most baleful influence. She arrives and for the first little while is sufficiently imbued with the consciousness of the fresh and pristine loveliness that a warm shower and fresh clothes have given her to be rather delightful and charming. But, unfortunately, with the first few cocktails her brain is stimulated. This precipitates a deplorable state of affairs. Because of her daily need for keeping her brain alert, quick-thinking, keenly interested in things, she isn't happy unless it is steaming along at full horsepower every minute.

LET her be introduced to women hitherto unknown to her and she is miserable until she finds out whether they "do something" and, if so, what it is. If their business is not her business, she pins herself to them with a firm and secure will and spends possibly the entire evening learning how they started, what the duties of their jobs are, and the kind of people they meet. She is intensely interested in what they were before they went into business, in where they live, how they like it, and what are their chief difficulties in running a business and a household simultaneously. She is feverishly concerned about where they spent their childhood and their girlhood, and in knowing whether they have traveled anywhere interestingly different, especially in connection with their jobs. If she learns that they are in the same business as she is, they go into a closed conference for hours. They play the "do you know" game with haggard anxiety. They gossip with continuous flashes of caustic wit, sparing no one. They discuss, with exhausting animation, current situations and aspects of the business. They are particularly bad if they happen to be in the "fashion game." Men have been known to shake their heads sadly upon overhearing scraps of the conversations, with the unexpressed alarm that they are truly morons, when basically delightful women splutter among themselves, for hours on end, excited phrases about "Vionnet lines," "back treatments," "tricornes," and so on.

Let the business woman discover that she has no co-worker in the party and her attitude toward the rest of the women immediately becomes one of unadulterated scorn. In her eyes, they are foolish, brainless little cherubs, necessary from a man's point of view, perhaps, but surely nothing for her agile brain to consider. Whereupon she invades the men's territory. Unhappy day! She affixes herself to their pleasurable little conversations as though they were her meat and drink. Question after question she flings at them, eagerly she contributes scraps of her own information (usually erroneous) on the subject. She freely expresses her views and opinions, and she is enthralled by the workings of what she thinks is her male intelligence, her acid-sharp, ice-clear brain. The thought of it carries her away. Poor men! She batters them down, she confuses their comfortable train of thought, she completely wears them out.

The business woman is no longer a woman just for the sake of being one. She has prostrated her femininity for the sake of developing her brain. Weighing the matter of personal charm against the necessity of being well informed, she has found the former sadly lacking. She considers it negligible. She feels about it the same way that she feels about such details as powdering her nose and rouging her lips. She is sure, as is every woman, that, underneath, her charm is there, but it is so less important than the things she says and the things she knows that she is never conscious of it. Like her hands, her face, it has been with her all her life—it is one of the things about which she never thinks, yet daily she does take businesslike care of her appearance. Consequently, she believes more in bewitching a man with her wit and her intelligence than she does in making him succumb to the subtle, mysterious wiles that are so all-feminine.

In fact, there is little or no mystery about her at all. Being a product of the frank school, she is quite open and aboveboard in everything she says or does, leaving nothing, unfortunately, to

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the imagination. In the men who do not respond to this method of attack she is quite disinterested—they are dull, stodgy, hopelessly out of date. Similarly she is unutterably bored by idle flattery and so-called "pretty phrases," which make absolutely no impression on her at all. She is annoyed at a personal turn in the conversation; romance where the heart is concerned is not in her field; she thrives on impersonality. That is why she finds the "happy ending" theme of books and plays dull. She is too busy with facts to be bothered with unbelievable fiction.

One meets with a diabolical genius for invention in the matter of the business woman's recreation. She will do the prescribed things—go to the theatre, play golf and tennis, swim, play backgammon, but for amusement indoors she has a passion for games and for her bridge is on the wane. She noses about for new games and the results are extraordinary. Her favorites are those that tax the imagination to the utmost and require great ingenuity of thought. She adores "Shedding Light," a game where the identity of notable persons is disclosed only after a complicated pattern of all their most obscure actions has been outlined. She likes "Guggenheim" because the necessity of associating letters with categories in ten minutes makes her think rapidly or suffer the humiliation of a low score. She likes telling round-robin ghost or detective stories, firm in the conviction that her portion of the story will be more enthralling than that of any one else. "Ghosts" she will play when the party can't be persuaded to tackle anything more serious. In short, she likes all the games that every one else hates. The first cry that goes up when she suggests playing games is "Not where one has to think." Her idea of slovenly indulgence in laziness is a cross-word puzzle. Where she gets her mental energy is a riddle.

If she takes her job seriously the business woman is bound to be a bore on any madcap revelings. She can't be persuaded by tears, pleas, or threats to let go of the reins of habit and forget about time. She enjoys herself with one eye on the clock. She also enjoys herself with one eye on her stomach. She goes to no extremes. She is careful of what she eats, she reaches an early limit in drinking, and it is indeed a rare day when she stays up later than the hour that her schedule, which is not very elastic, provides for such occasions. Hard-working young men have been known to stay up all night, going the rounds of debutante parties or other forms of sprees, dropping in at home just long enough to take a shower and change clothes before hurrying down to the office. But not our business woman. She is politely but rigidly firm about her required number of hours of sleep a night, and the more she is coaxed to stay the more determined she becomes. No, she is hardly the one to invite on carefree nocturnal wanderings.

WHERE BUSINESS WOMEN MEET

No place for tired business men. They have been known to shake their heads sadly upon overhearing scraps of the conversation, with the unexpressed alarm that they are truly morons

One thing she dreads—ridicule. Knowing the power of her own caustic tongue, the power of malicious wit as it is practised by her and her conversational companions, to drag any one or anything down from whatever pedestal it may occupy and make it look as foolish and helpless as the proverbial naked man in a barrel, she is careful of what she says and does as a social climber. She forestalls the chances of being ridiculed by ridiculing herself. It is an instinctive "system." By being her own jester, her audience considers her vastly amusing. And she can regulate the ridicule this way. She can make missteps look very small and minute incidents look very large, thus balancing them. But let her be ridiculed by some one else and she is miserable. It is the surest weapon to rob her of her self-possession. It makes her little world of herself totter. But, even at that, it is not long before it is steady again.

The business woman has no sense of leisure. She must be exerting herself mentally or physically every minute of her waking hours. Always hurrying, it is not surprising that she has no time for much gentleness, sympathy, or intimacy. Her brain is clipped off sharply at every edge and she does her talking and her thinking in clean-cut, crisp sentences. She is logical to the point of being vastly annoying. She makes a point of seeing every play, reading daily newspapers, knowing every witticism that is going the rounds, hearing every succulent bit of gossip, knowing as many talked-of people, reading every new book—being as "woman-about town" as is possible for any one person to be. She knows intimate details about the Prince of Wales or Walter Winchell; she numbers among her friends or acquaintances royalty and gangsters; in fact, she is so "current" she is maddening. Her keyed-up mind is easily bored. She has an overwhelming consciousness of her own worth. Nothing embarrasses her or causes her to lose her flawless poise. She has a wit that lends itself to ridicule better than to anything else, and she is caustic to the point of cruelty. For her, jealousy of the heart, as an emotion, barely exists; jealousy of the mind, of her associates, agonizes her. She is the supreme egoist. Thank God for her sense of humor.

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When Railroads Get Together

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THE most constructive business news of 1930 came almost at the close of the year, when President Hoover on December 30 announced that the executives of the four big railway systems in the eastern territory had reached an agreement on a program of consolidation. This was not only the most important economic development of the year, but it is undoubtedly the most important event in the railroad world since the passage of the Transportation Act in 1920.

Mr. Hoover has been criticized by some members of Congress for lending the prestige of the presidency to a program which will have to be passed upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission before it can go into effect. The critics have expressed the fear that his action may tend to pre-judge the case and sway the commission in its efforts to determine whether the proposed mergers are desirable.

There seems to be little basis for such a feeling. The President was careful to stipulate that the agreement will have to satisfy the commission that it "meets every requirement of public interest," and the commission, in all matters pertaining to consolidation which have come before it heretofore, has shown itself quite capable of independent thinking. Furthermore, it will be many months before the consolidation plans come before this body in final form for approval, and meantime there will be public hearings, arguments pro and con, suggested revisions and investigations by the commission's own experts, with the result that by the time the commission is ready to formulate its conclusions anything the President may have said will probably have been forgotten.

On the whole, it seems appropriate that the President should have been the bearer of this news. The country was in the depths of pessimism and much in need of some concrete evidence of a turn for the better somewhere along the line. There had been proposed mergers and rumors of mergers in the past which came to nothing, and if the new plan had been announced by the executives themselves it would probably have had too familiar a ring to produce the tonic effect which followed the statement from the White House.

This agreement was a long time aborning. The keen rivalry among the Big Four for control of certain short lines in the eastern territory had resulted in a protracted deadlock. Three highly profitable coal-carriers — the Lackawanna, the Lehigh Valley and the Reading—were the prizes most sought. Had there been one more of these, the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio and the Van Sweringen group might each have drawn a prize; but there were not enough to go around.

The situation led to much jockeying. At one stage of the contest three of the big systems joined forces and attempted to isolate the Pennsylvania and get the plums for themselves. Then President Loree of the Delaware and Hudson came forward with plans for a fifth system and with practical control of the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash to strengthen his position. The Pennsylvania made him its ally and brought its rivals to terms. It then acquired Mr. Loree's interests in the Lehigh Valley and emerged stronger than ever.

Another struggle developed for control of the Wheeling and Lake Erie, which eventually went under the control of the Nickel Plate in the Van Sweringen group. The Baltimore and Ohio and the Van Sweringens next worked together to acquire control of other strategic properties, and in February, 1929, they applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for approval of their plans for a consolidation of their holdings, actual and prospective. Instead of approving these plans the commission a month later ruled that their joint acquisition of certain competing lines was in violation of the Clayton Act, and ordered them to divest themselves of such control within ninety days.

CONSOLIDATION apparently was as far off then as ever, in spite of all the plans and stratagems of the Big Four. Then in December, 1929, the Interstate Commerce Commission presented its own so-called final plan, in accordance with a mandate from Congress. Under this all the railroads of the country were grouped into twenty-one systems. In the eastern territory this plan provided for a fifth great system, to be built up on the Wabash and to include many of the lines over which the four rivals had been contending. This arrangement seems to have pleased nobody.

But it now seems that the hard lines upon which the railroads have fallen during the past year have made them more appreciative of whatever advantages may come from consolidation. The Eastern systems have finally reached an agreement on all the essential points for a four-group merger of the lines east of the Mississippi River and extending from the New York Central to the Virginias.

Their plan obviously does not conform to the commission's five-group plan. The commission has no power to enforce a grouping in accordance with its suggestions. The initiative in actual consolidation must come from the railroads, and under the law they are free to propose an arrangement different from the final plan of the commission. That is what they have done. It is now incumbent upon the commission to determine whether their proposals are in accord with the public interest.

IF THIS agreement is finally approved it will mark the most definite step which has yet been taken to carry out the consolidation provisions of the Transportation Act. As Mr. Hoover indicated in his announcement, the uncertainties of the past ten years with regard to the merger plans of the railroads have retarded the development of the carriers by causing the postponement of terminal improvements, electrification and other progressive changes. These delays have also hampered the railroads in meeting the new competition they have encountered from motor transportation.

Perhaps it is just as well, however, that consolidation has not been pushed very rapidly in the last few years, in view of the far-reaching changes which have been taking place in industry. The redrawing of the railway map of the United States is a task for supermen, and in the years immediately following the passage of the Transportation Act the country was undergoing certain post-war readjustments which would have complicated the problem and probably hindered its satisfactory solution in that transitional period. But nothing apparently is to be gained from further delay, and the recent reversal of fortune which even the strongest of the railroads have experienced makes it important that they should obtain whatever advantages may now be derived from a wise policy of integration.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Partial Victory for Packers

THE long fight of the "big four" (Armour, Swift, Wilson and Cudahy) for a modification of the consent decree under which the packers have been operating since 1920, ends with a decision by Justice Jennings Bailey of the District of Columbia Supreme Court permitting the packers to go into the wholesale grocery business but barring them from retail selling and from the ownership of public stock yards, terminal railroads, market newspapers and public cold storage warehouses.

The consent decree was an agreement between the packers and the Department of Justice under which the packers bound themselves to give up dealing in all commodities except meat if the government would discontinue its threatened anti-trust proceedings. Distribution methods have, as everybody knows, changed greatly since 1920, and this fact was given full consideration by Justice Bailey in arriving at his decision.

The packers say that they are pleased, although they did not get all they hoped for. Retailers are relieved because a new and presumably effective form of competition has been held off, at least for a time. But the decision is a hard pill for the wholesalers to swallow. Standing with their backs to the wall because of chain store development, they have to face another danger, and one they know to be real. Their best bet is an offensive and defensive alliance with independent retailers, and not until that liaison is completely established will they feel firm ground again beneath their weary feet.

"Worthless" Stock

IN THE private safe of a New York business man is an overstuffed envelope labeled "Woodlawn." Whenever he is tempted to buy a security that promises a yield inconsistent with safety of principal, he compels himself to go to his paper cemetery and look over the beautifully engraved and utterly worthless stock certificates for which he gave good American dollars.

Mrs. Lolita Sheldon Armour, widow of packer J. Ogden Armour, had 400 shares of stock in Universal Oil Products, for which she paid her husband $1,500,000 in 1926 when he was unable otherwise to raise money to meet certain Sutter Basin Company obligations which he had guaranteed personally. In May, 1928, the shares were appraised as of "no value." A few weeks ago they were sold for close to $10,000,000, which proves nothing whatever except possibly the thesis that you never can tell.

This story of a stock that came to life and walked out of the cemetery under its own power is typical of many episodes in the history of the world's most colorful industry—petroleum. Universal Oil controlled the famous Dubbs cracking process, and the company's stockholders still have a stake in the Dubbs formula,—a stock interest in United Gasoline Corporation, recently organized by Standard of California and Shell Union with a capitalization of 252,200 shares at $1 par value. A picturesque episode, and it gives us an idea. To the cemetery, James. We must make sure that we haven't overlooked anything.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) January 8—78.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) January 8—69.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended December 27 (holiday week) 538,419 cars (reduction of 175,391 under preceding week and of 100,470 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended January 3 (holiday week) 36% of capacity (increase of 12% over preceding week; reduction of 23% under same week of 1929-30).

Crude Oil Production Week ended January 3 (holiday week) average daily gross 2,082,100 barrels (reduction of 44,650 under preceding week and of 570,200 under same week of 1929-30).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended January 8—$11,388,510,000 (increase of 41.7% over preceding week; reduction of 10.2% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended January 8—927 (increase of 385 over preceding holiday week, and of 195 over same week of 1930).

Jobs for a Camera

WHEN the scientists gathered at Cleveland a few weeks ago, Dr. Mees of the Eastman Kodak Company told them about an airplane photograph taken recently by Captain A. W. Stevens of the United States Army in South America, in which mountains 320 miles away, invisible to the aviator, appeared on the plate.

As the camera has been made so sensitive that it can photograph objects beyond the reach of human eyes, we suggest that it be used in an attempt to discover:

1. In New York, why stock brokers are not snowed under by orders to buy stocks that yield from 12 to 15 per cent at present levels.

2. In Chicago, why the managers of municipal affairs and some business enterprises allow the managers of rackets to outshine them in energy, resourcefulness and general efficiency.

3. In Philadelphia, why one of the most progressive business cities in the country, with the most attractive residential suburbs, does not get rid of its reputation for somnolence and sell itself to the world for the wide-awake metropolis it really is.

4. In Detroit, why the motor manufacturers do not get together and demonstrate the possibility of dealing unemployment a body blow by proper planning of production and the ironing out of the seasonal curve.

5. In New Orleans, what's for dinner tonight at Antoine's; in San Antonio, ditto in the patio of the Menger; and in San Francisco, the same at any one of a dozen engaging restaurants that might be named but unfortunately can't be reached before closing time.

Lawrence in Arbankia

Banking Concentration in the United States (Bankers Publishing Co. $5) is now added to the list of works by Joseph Stagg Lawrence which includes *Stabilization of Prices* and *Washington and Wall Street.*

Responsibility for bank failures rests, Mr. Lawrence asserts, upon the states. They have been deplorably lax in the chartering of banks and have ignored their responsibility to depositors through failure to insist upon adequate capital margins.

Mr. Lawrence is strong for increasing the strength of individual banks, reducing the total number of banks, and imposing obstacles in the path of manipulation of banks through holding companies. Added restrictions in the federal law may force certain units out of the national bank and Federal Reserve systems. Well, then, Mr. Lawrence concludes, let them go. Responsibility for laxity and excessive liberality will then he placed squarely upon the states, which is where it belongs.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

New Word Wanted

THERE is a word needed for common use among reviewers and habitual readers which shall describe succinctly a certain familiar type of fiction. Gamaliel Bradford coined the word "psychography" for the sort of biography which he and Strachey made popular and which hundreds of imitators now write. "Psychographical fiction" is too awkward a phrase for ordinary use, and, besides, most great novels are psychographical fiction. We want a word which will describe such a book as *Eva* by Jacques Chardonne, translated by Viola G. Garvin (Simon and Schuster $2).

The creative gift among prose writers is most apt to seek expression in the novel. Assuming that the writer's ideal of attainment is of the highest, the short story requires great structural skill, the sketch, a perfect prose style. But the novel, or what we call for convenience the novel, covers a multitude of defects and allows for a multitude of virtues. It may have the classic plot, shaped like a triangle resting on its base (adventure and detective novels are so constructed), it may be a chain of interlocking links (*The Grandmothers* is an example), or a bunch of branches tied with a single string (*The Bridge of San Luis Rey, The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg*). So we find books which have nothing in common except that they are fiction described indiscriminately as novels. We shall have occasion to write next week of the work of a novelist who, if he had lived in the eighteenth century, would have been a vivid and popular preacher. This week we have *Eva*, a novel which is a self-portrait. The French are expert at this sort of thing. It demands deep insight combined with delicacy of feeling and expression and that lucid, careful, rhythmically satisfying style for which they are famous. Reading *Eva* is like listening to Mozart.

The book is written in the form of a diary. It reveals the almost eventless story of a great-souled man's devotion to a worthless woman, reveals it through its minute exposition of the turbulent emotions that filled the diarist's heart and the gentle thoughts into which his mind translated them. "The history of the buzzard" writes the diarist, "is more admirable than his flight." This is what our romantic realists do not know. This is why they will never reveal the human soul as the classic writer does. Throughout the diary, we see the efforts of a sensitive and articulate being to reconcile his adoration of his wife with the miserable egotist which he knows her to be. We see him setting aside, bit by bit, everything that he cherishes to suit her whims, wondering as he does it if he has really cherished it, finding each new sacrifice justified and compensatory. And we find him at last deserted by his Eva, and closing his diary with these words: "It is easy to see, in this story, merely the bitter and ridiculous history of a woman who inhibited and withered a man whom she did not love but who believed that he loved her. But, to my mind, this story has a different aspect, sad or gay, I know not which, but assuredly beautiful, and profound, useful, moving—for life is never less than these great things. I would not wish anybody to laugh at this story."

The talent which this book discloses is new to this reviewer. It has rare qualities of wit and subtlety, originality and tenderness. In finely shaded analysis and in purity and simplicity of style, *Eva* is a small masterpiece. Readers with a taste for these qualities will do well to buy it.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Illustration from "The Life of Francois Rabelais" by Jean Plattard (Knopf)

The Week's Reading

"THE Life of François Rabelais" by Jean Plattard, translated by Louis B. Roche (Knopf $6). In this book, with its hundreds of footnotes, all that is definitely known of the life of Rabelais is set down. Not much is known. Michelet said that a life of Rabelais could not be written. Since his time a great deal has been uncovered, thanks to the scientific methods of French literary historians, but many of Professor Plattard's biographical details are only "highly probable," and he is careful to distinguish between them and the proven facts. The result, however, is not really biography. The nearest approach to that, in the case of Rabelais, would have to be through a novel (such as Timmermans wrote last year about Peter Breughel), in which Rabelais, as one imagines him to have been, would appear against the gorgeous background of his time. Plattard's attempts to furnish a physical background for his subject are painfully professorial. He does far better in de-

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scribing the intellectual atmosphere of Rabelais' time, which was characterized by the conflict between the declining Scholastic and the rising Humanist influences. In some extent, Rabelais' life, like that of any other writer, can be reconstructed from his work, and this is really what Professor Plattard does. He discusses his education in detail and his friends and associates, shows what influenced his thought, where he followed tradition and where he moved independently, how he drew material from folk-tale and classic alike, and how all that he touched was moulded and illuminated by his magnificent humanity. With so little biographical data to go on, and hampered by a dry and clumsy style (which may, of course, be the translator's), Plattard has not been able to make a book which can have much appeal for the ordinary reader. His *Life of François Rabelais* is for students, and for the use of future writers on the subject.—F. L. R.

"No Goodness in the Worm" by Gay Taylor (Harcourt, Brace $2.50). Things must be looking black for the men in England. There feminism is an anti-male movement. (Here it is only indirectly so.) If English feminism has a literature, this novel must represent its lowest point; for it is one of the rankest pieces of nonsense that this patient reviewer ever read. Such incredible, such dreadful men; indeed there is no goodness in these worms! And, by natural sequence, such incredible, dreadful women, too. Here we have three females, Valentine, Sikey and Jane. Valentine is said to be a wife, Jane, to be a virgin, Sikey, to be a biologist. That she surely is. Her biological experiments are noteworthy; she is her own willing subject. Just why Valentine married Humphrey does not appear. She says that they had ideas in common. If so, these have been disposed of when the book opens and Humphrey is a wretch from the first word. However, Valentine, calling upon the local laundress, one of those hearty British peasants who live in novels, falls in love with a shirt with a Byronic collar and irons it. Shortly thereafter she meets the shirt's owner and presses him, also. He, too, is a despicable fellow, a maker of ornamental beds and a perfect lover. In fact, Sikey uses him for experimental purposes as soon as she meets him. Things go from bad to worse. The long-suffering Humphrey gets a divorce; the owner of the Byronic shirt remembers that he has also a wife; Jane marries a dying man in order to bring up his motherless child and still retain her status quo; Valentine has a septic appendix and some of her bumptiousness removed; and Sikey, having made a mistake in one of her experiments, sees the light of motherhood break upon her and finds it fair. The writer of this novel has considerable feeling for rich words, and some narrative skill. But we do not think she meant her novel to be funny—unless she is a man.—F. L. R.

An intimate view of an unusual experience in war-time activities is offered in *A Chateau at the Front* by the Marquise de Foucault (Houghton Mifflin $4). Only a few weeks before the outbreak of the Great War, Madame de Foucault had, as usual, settled herself for the summer in her beautiful and historic Chateau at Pronleroy in Picardy, not very far from the Belgian frontier. Then as the stories used to say, came the war. The Marquise stayed—stayed from 1914 to 1918. The place was filled with priceless paintings, old china, heirlooms; they stayed too, stayed until shells were falling within a mile of the house. The old Chateau saw a perfect panorama of comings and goings—generals, officers, surgeons, wounded, hospital staffs. It was the headquarters from which General Mangin launched his fierce counter-attack on July 11, 1918, which marked a decisive turn toward victory. At one time eight generals sat in council in Madame's salon,—Petain, Mangin, and others only less famous. This is the best description of the war as seen by civilians that has appeared. It is non-military and very, very human. The spirit is admirable and the author's constant contact and talk with officers, soldiers, colonial troops, and so on, afforded a fine medium for, so to speak, catching the war on the fly. For a time in 1918 the Chateau was in a very center of danger and crisis. Twice or more the author went to Paris and by chance was there at the worst; the government had deserted the capital, there were terror and near panic. Milling pages these! Madame de Foucault has a lively style of narrative, possesses the knack of telling incidents and anecdotes with vivacity, and she is not without a keen sense of the humorous.—R. D. T.

The Outlook's Five-Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Back Seat Murder**, by Florence Converse: Dutton.

Novel: **Eva**, by Jacques Chardonne: Simon and Schuster.

Biography: **The Education of a Princess**, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking.

Miscellaneous: **A Chateau at the Front**, by Marquise de Foucault: Houghton Mifflin.

Behind the Blurbs

"The Sphinx"[1] is an unusual mystery story, concerning Jonathan, a young sculptor, and his wife, who go to Italy, taking with them a little golden sphinx that J. has copied exactly from one in his home town museum. He loses the sphinx, is assailed with doubts as to whether he didn't take the original instead of the replica by mistake, and Ouija and psychometry and museum experts are all invoked before the mysteries of where the sphinx went, and which one it was anyway, are solved. But no outline of the plot can do the story justice. It is leisurely and charming, the characters well drawn and interesting, and the author's wide knowledge of Italy, art and human nature are pleasantly and unpedantically evident. It is refreshing to find a mystery story whose author has some real knowledge and experience of his subject matter. ☙ ☙ ☙ *The Back Seat Murder*[2] is one of those stories in which everybody is somebody else, but in spite of this it manages to be a good fast, exciting mystery. For how did old Marsh get into the car his secretary was driving? He wasn't there when the car started. And then, who killed him just as he was going to kill the secretary? He was stabbed, but by whom?—for the car was closed up tight. You have to keep your eye on Carstairs and Carmody and Tarkin and Stoddard, and at the same time remember that Garbo and Harrington are pretty mysterious. And what is Pharaoh's coffin, information concerning which Carmody tried to extract from our heroine with a white hot ice pick? You can be excused if you don't guess this one, but not if you don't stick with it until the finish. ☙ ☙ ☙ Everybody is also more or less somebody else in *The Round Table Murders*,[3] which though absurdly incredible is nevertheless an extremely swift, exciting yarn. George Teyst and his three brothers were all gentleman-crooks. George stopped a large calibre bullet in the course of his getaway after a jewel robbery, and before expiring, wrote directions for finding the loot on a piece of paper, which he tore into three pieces, sending one to each brother. Then the

1. By Florence Converse: Dutton, $2.00.
2. By Herman Landon: Liveright, $2.00.
3. By Peter Baron: Macaulay, $2.00.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Rachel Moon, by Lorna Rea: Harper. Splendidly written story of a girl who made a fetish of self-sacrifice. Reviewed January 14.

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Mackerel Sky, by Helen Ashton: Doubleday Doran. The author of **Dr. Serocold** chronicles the trials of young love and matrimonial adjustment under a changing sky. Reviewed January 7.

The Limestone Tree, by Joseph Hergesheimer: Knopf. A favorite author, back in his old stride, gives us a stirring and fascinating novel about the bluegrass region of Kentucky. Reviewed January 7.

Portrait by Caroline, by Sylvia Thompson: Little Brown. A deft English novel of manners and class which relates the tale of a restless wife. Reviewed January 7.

Non-Fiction

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

Jeb Stuart, by Capt. John W. Thomason: Scribner's. A detailed and picturesque history of the great Confederate cavalryman. Illustrated by the author. Reviewed December 17.

The Age of Hate, by George Fort Milton: Coward-McCann. The fifth biography of Andrew Johnson to appear in the past two years. The author of this one is the editor of the Chattanooga News. Reviewed December 3.

Frederick the Great, by Victor Thaddeus: Brentano. A carefully studied biography written in a colorless style. Reviewed November 5.

▶▶*In This Issue*◀◀

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON is well known as an author and lecturer. Among his eight books on international politics are *Back of War* and *The Background of Foreign Affairs.* Mr. Norton is also a member of the Academy of Political Science, a Fellow of the American Geographical Society, and contributing editor on foreign relations to *World's Work.*

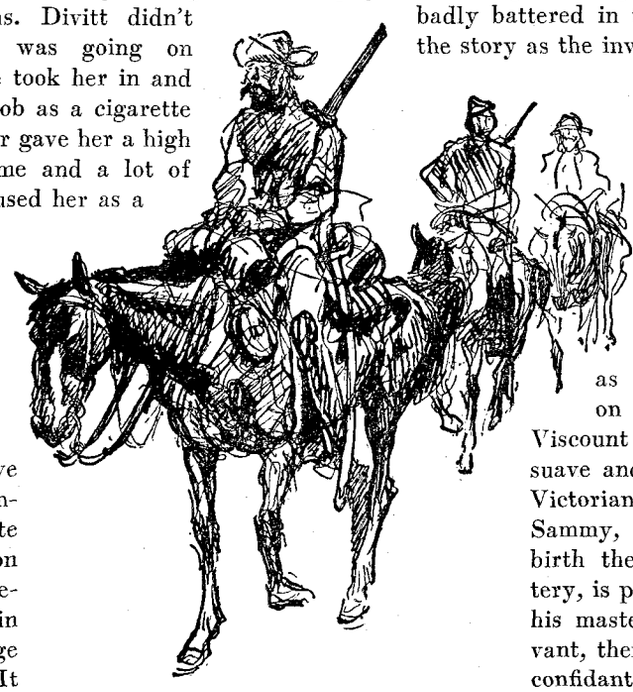
ANDREW R. BOONE is a resident of California and a graduate of Stanford University. Mr. Boone is also a member of the Society of Automotive Engineers and contributes frequently to the magazines, specializing in popular science and education.

GUY GREER has been attached to various commissions of the Versailles Peace Conference and later served on the Reparations Commission. Mr. Greer is also a former member of the staff of the Institute of Economics at Washington and is the author of *The Ruhr-Lorraine Industrial Problem.*

JERRY MAXWELL is a resident of New York and has been engaged in the advertising business, besides being a contributor to the fashion magazines. Miss Maxwell is also a former member of the staff of *Vogue.*

brothers start trying to kill each other, and a crook named Larry, and a mysterious person named The Poacher, and a couple of Scotland Yard officials all stalk each other and creep and counter-creep and put on false whiskers, and shoot holes in one another's hats, in an effort to get the three pieces together. They shoot the plot full of holes, too, but just the same you'll read it to the end, and you won't guess the Poacher's identity either. ♣ ♣ ♣ What was the surprise of the crook Umberto when he opened a box of stolen goods and found a real, live Spanish girl, complete with mantilla, comb and a rope of pearls. And then Gabreau, the hunchback handy man, and Divitt, the gambler, are called in. All this, according to *Moon of Delight*[4], happened in a gambling house in New Orleans. Divitt didn't know what was going on there, but he took her in and gave her a job as a cigarette girl, and later gave her a high sounding name and a lot of clothes and used her as a sort of Trojan horse to get into plutocratic homes that he wanted to burgle. There's love in the moonlight and quite a lot of action off stage before you begin to sniff orange blossoms. It isn't really a very good story. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Dude Ranch*[5] is light western stuff, all about what happened when a company of stranded actors were hired to give the guests on a western dude ranch something to write home about. Some real bad men took the opportunity to do a little cattle rustling, kidnaping and rum running, with the result that real cartridges were substituted for blanks in the ensuing skirmishes—in which, of course, the make-believe bad men turned out to be more deadly than the real ones. Amusing, and doesn't pretend to be anything else. ♣ ♣ ♣ The new Edgar Wallace, *The Ringer*[6], is a book of short stories chronicling the adventures of a self-appointed executioner of criminals, who is such a master of disguise that he doesn't fear to visit even Scotland Yard. The stories move so swiftly that you aren't likely to be bothered by the many coincidences and inconsistencies. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *The Thirteenth Card*[7], "The Boner" so despised the police that when he slew—and he slew frequent—he always left plenty of clues. His 13th victim was Prof. Ashcraft, who was found in his home, completely surrounded by fingerprints and letters from the murderer. But the fingerprints were those of dead men, and the police were completely stumped until the bright reporter, Curran, takes hold. Then a couple of dead men come to life, white forms, laughing fiendishly at bullets, dash about the house, a comfortable divan turns into a death trap, and cyanide, secret passages and half dissected corpses confront the reader at every turn of the page. The English language gets as badly battered in the course of the story as the investigators do, but we can't deny that it's exciting. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *Milord and I*[8], Sammy Meller started life as a stable boy on the estate of Viscount Harriford, a suave and sinful early Victorian landed gent. Sammy, about whose birth there is a mystery, is promoted to be his master's body servant, then becomes his confidant and friend, and later agent of the estate. But later Sammy falls in love with Harriford's niece, the estate runs down, the son of the house goes in for debauchery in a big way, and Harriford himself, hag-ridden by the past, does nothing to avert the final catastrophe. This is good romance, well characterized and well written. ♣ ♣ ♣ Julian Huxley, the biologist, went out to East Africa for four months and has written a book on what he saw and heard there. *Africa View*[9] has given us a better and more complete idea of that part of Africa than any book of the kind we have read. Problems of government and education take up more pages than we cared to read, nevertheless you cannot understand East Africa without knowing something about how Great Britain is meeting these problems with the natives.

WALTER R. BROOKS.



From "Jeb Stuart," written and illustrated by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. (Scribner's)

4. By Margaret Bell Houston: Dodd, Mead, $2.00.
5. By Milton Krims: Macaulay, $2.00.
6. Crime Club, $1.00.
7. By F. G. Eberhard: Macaulay, $2.00.
8. By Anthony Richardson: Macmillan, $3.00.
9. Harpers, $5.00.

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▶▶ Why Reformers Are So ◀◀

Psychological Portraits of Politicians

IF YOU are concerned with general attitudes toward public affairs, you will find, probably, that your associates are of two sorts: those who view with a rather hard-boiled, cynical scepticism the words and deeds of public officials, and those who are naïvely credulous about gifts of leadership. Seldom indeed do you find a compassionate realization that from the humblest city employee who collects your garbage to your esteemed president at best and at worst you have only human beings with all their possibilities of twisted thinking and their tendency to interpret life from personal experience.

Professor Harold D. Lasswell has for some years been studying case records of politicians, and the conclusions of his research are now published by the University of Chicago Press in *Psychopathology and Politics*. The fact that some of his cases were in institutions for the mentally disordered proves nothing except that they were unfortunate in not being able to remain at large with the rest of us. Although the book is evidently addressed to a limited group, the author is pioneering in a field which affects us all, whether we like it or not. Take one of his illustrations. A certain judge found himself acutely irritated by the presence of an attorney in the courtroom, even before the trial began. His sense of annoyance was so intense that in his endeavor to be fair and not allow prejudice to affect him, he was overfriendly to this attorney's side of the case.

It happened that the judge had been analyzed and realized he was acting from some inner emotional motive which had nothing to do with the situation, but was related to his own life. Using the technique of free phantasy, sometimes called free association, he began probing his thoughts about the man, letting out whatever came into his mind, without regard to logic or scruple. "Cigar smoke—black cigar—vile—pungent and stuffy—corridor." The word corridor reappeared several times, and finally the judge recalled a scene in the corridor of the law school where he studied, which involved a quarrel with a brilliant competitor. The man had treated him with insolence and he had had great difficulty in subduing his impulse to "sock" him, and, instead, receive the apology offered. Of course he thought the incident closed. It appeared, however, that something in the attorney's manner or looks was sufficiently similar to the offending fellow-student to touch off the center of antagonism which had never been drained. His attitude toward the attorney was actually hostile and prejudiced, and if he had not been a developed and sensitive individual he might have used his judicial power to humiliate and punish an innocent person.

Professor Lasswell's purpose is to discover the sequences of experience which have affected the character of public officials, chiefly agitators and administrators. In detailed analysis he shows how shocks of childhood and lack of guidance, particularly in sex matters, have warped the mind of the adult. As to political types, he concludes that the agitator is usually a Narcisst or self-lover, with an excessive desire for public response, and the administrator is more concerned with coordinating and continuing activity.

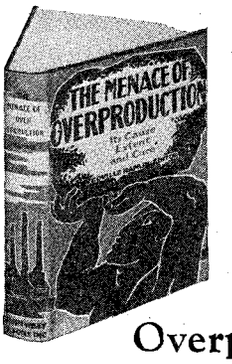
Several years ago, Joel Rinaldo wrote a little book, *Psychoanalysis of the Reformer* (Lee Publishing Co.). His diagnosis was that "the typical reformer shows marked symptoms of Anaesthesia, Amnesia, Motor Disturbances, Abulia, Phobia, Fixed-Idea and Ego-Mania, and that such a coordination of symptoms can argue nothing but a chronic abnormal psychic condition, definable as meddling hysteria." In a highly Freudian manner the prohibitionist is analyzed, showing that his meddling hysteria is due to some inhibition, repression or perversion of his sexual life. We are shown that the desire to drink alcoholic beverages is sexual, hence the prohibitionist gets a masked pleasure in thwarting the drinking habits of the public. Whether this diagnosis will be accepted or not, it is evident that the author, not being inhibited, vented his spleen on puritanical hypocrisy and a grand time was had by all—except the poor prohibitionist.

Looking backward now, from contemporary America to 16th century Italy, we find a politically minded man analyzing himself. To Jean Stoner we are indebted for the first English translation of *The Book of My Life*, Jerome Cardan (E. P. Dutton), written in 1575. Plots, counterplots, imprisonments, escapes, hazardous journeys and thrilling events so filled the days of this famous Milanese physician, a contemporary of Cellini, the Florentine, one wonders how he ever found time to write more than 100 books, filling 7000 pages of folio. Everything was of interest to his busy brain. Between epidemics and operations he wrote with equal authority on Poisons, Dreams, Geometry, the Uses of Adversity, the Planets, Music, Morality, and the Care of the Teeth. He was so great a mathematician that even today students of algebra use some of the principles and formulae which bear his name.

The Book of My Life is the autobiography of a man sufficiently in advance of his time to be deeply interested in the workings of the mind. He examined himself critically, analyzing his faults, his virtues, the many events of his unusual career, with candor. Since he was far from normal, his record has a certain clinical value for all schools of thought in psychology. In particular, Freudians will find significance in a sexual situation, in his early relationships with his parents and in his many dreams. For the disciple of Adler there is the story of a lifelong battle with pain and an organic deficiency; there is the soul struggle of a man who became the greatest doctor of his day, who stuttered, boasted, believed in guardian angels and omens, exhibiting, in fact, all the symptoms of the well-known Inferiority Complex with its many compensations.

FLORENCE GUY SEABURY.

Overproduction . .
Unemployment . .
Business Depressions !



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Its Cause, Extent, and Cure

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With a Foreword by Stuart Chase

"A readable and interesting but accurate, factual and comprehensive picture of the economic situation. Seventeen of the nineteen chapters are contributed by representatives of different industries. Each writes clearly but scientifically of the problem of overproduction as it affects his particular industry. Together, these students offer an especially timely volume which will engender profound speculation as to the future of our economic system." — *Richmond News Leader.*

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▶▶ The Theatre ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

USE all the supercilious, patronizing words about it you like; call it uneven, melodramatic, preachy and cheap. I'll agree to all that and then some, but it's the "then some" that makes *Five Star Final,* Louis Weitzenkorn's play, for me the most interesting and exciting now in New York. Its very faults—glaring and obvious as they are—by their magnitude make the skill with which the author and Worthington Miner, the director, make you forget them in moments of undeniable drama or pathos all the more amazing.

Five Star Final is, to begin with, based on several utterly untenable premises. You are asked to believe, for example, that a notorious acquitted murderess of twenty years ago and her husband would commit suicide because a tabloid newspaper was going to run a story about her. True, it looks as though the exposure of her identity as the murderess would endanger their daughter's prospect of marriage with a rich and otherwise desirable young man, but why would a woman with the fortitude to go through the original trial and the character to live an apparently happy married life for that long since think that suicide would help anybody, let alone herself? Why wouldn't those people go straight to their daughter and her fiancé, on learning that the tab was going to print the exposé, and find out whether the young man was worth bothering about? Incidentally, he proves that he is by sticking loyally to the girl even after the scandal and the double suicide.

Well, these and various other dubious points are never rationalized. Messrs. Weitzenkorn and Miner and some of the most skilful and forceful actors seen around here for a long time will make you—unless you're a good deal more blasé and/or hardhearted than I am—forget all about them. I have to confess that, dramatic critic though I am supposed (by myself, at least) to be, that time and again, immediately after saying to myself, "Why, that's cheap, false reasoning as bad as anything in the *Mirror* and the *Graphic* and the *News!*" I would be grabbing the arm of my seat or my companion with genuinely uncontrollable excitement or with my eyes suddenly filled with disgraceful (for a critic) tears.

To relapse again into critical analysis, *Five Star Final* is a violent polemic against the practice of sensational newspapers of probing into people's lives for stories, even to the extent of reviving ancient scandals the participants in which had lived down through exemplary behavior. In order to make the old affair "news" the tabloids resort to provoking themselves some sort of minor trouble which they will put on the front page and follow with a series of articles about the past and present and their miserable victim. Mr. Weitzenkorn knows what he's talking about, as he was recently managing editor of the *Graphic* for Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, and I have been assured on the best possible authority that all the incidents in *Five Star Final* are factual—indeed, that some actual happenings which the author included in his original script had to be removed as being too hard to believe. I need scarcely explain that my objections above to some of the premises of the play bear not on the events themselves, but on the use which is made of them.

Recommended Current Shows

Art and Mrs. Bottle: Jane Cowl and a good cast, including Leon Quartermaine, in an English comedy.

Bird in Hand: Drinkwater's delightful play seems to have bobbed up again.

Civic Repertory: They may overreach themselves but at least they're trying.

Ruth Draper: Unsurpassed character sketches.

Elizabeth the Queen: The Lunt's perfect teamwork.

Fine and Dandy: They play music from this now at the 125th St. Burlesque show. It's better at the Erlanger.

Girl Crazy: As Ethel Merman sings in it, "Who could ask for anything more?"

Grand Hotel: Just broke the box-office record of all time. Depression? They never heard of it.

Midnight: Latest Theatre Guild offering. Sincere melodrama about justice and newspapers.

Mrs. Moonlight: All right; I *am* sentimental.

Oh, Promise Me: Roughhouse expose of breach-of-promise technique.

Once in a Lifetime: How the master minds of Hollywood function.

On the Spot: Edgar Wallace about Chicago.

Sweet and Low: If you *must* pay revue prices for your vaudeville.

That's Gratitude: Aunt Susie would like Frank Craven but you wouldn't be bored either.

Vinegar Tree: Mildly rough, very funny farce with Mary Boland.

Like *Grand Hotel* Mr. Weitzenkorn's play is episodic and cinematic in form. In fact, not only does he top the German lady in the number of scenes—there are twenty-one in *Five Star Final*—but once or twice he uses two small scenes played simultaneously with the main one, to show happenings in several parts of the newspaper office. Naturally, a revolving stage is employed. To continue the comparison, I was unable to detect any ideas which would get in the way of the sheer "theatre" of *Grand Hotel. Five Star Final's* weaknesses are almost all caused by the fact that the author is most of the time preaching—either at those who publish and edit tabloids or those of us who (now, don't say you *never* do) read them.

Al Woods, the producer, and Worthington Miner have done the author great service in assembling and directing the cast. There are twenty-six in all and, with one exception about whom I do not propose to be churlish enough to be specific, they are more than uncommonly good. I am sure, however, that without the superlative work of Arthur Byron, Malcolm Duncan, Merle Maddern and Frances Fuller I shouldn't have been moved as I was. Some excellent comedy, too, is contributed by Lillian Bronson and Allen Jenkins, while Alexander Onslow makes himself thoroughly loathsome as the religious editor of the tabloid. I only hope I've made it clear that *Five Star Final* is something very much to be seen.

Although I wasn't asked, I'd like to butt into the discussion which Mr. Hiram Motherwell of the Theatre Guild Magazine promoted with eight eminent but anonymous dramatic critics as to "Which actors and actresses in America possess in your opinion a matured technique which enables them to enact many dissimilar rôles with equal sureness?" The number of players named by each critic ranged from ten to twenty-three. On every list appeared the name of Alfred Lunt and on all but one that of Lynn Fontanne. With that I won't disagree. They would both appear on any such list that I might be so silly as to compile. What astounds me is the inclusion on only one of the lady who has, without the aid of any repertory organization, appeared and made notable successes in such widely different things as *East Is West, The Dream Girl,* a musical comedy, *Jealousy,* and has acted both the title part and Kalonika in *Lysistra.* Bainter. Fay Bainter; that's the name. What do they mean, technique?

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▶▶ The Movies ◀◀

By CREIGHTON PEET

▶▶"The Criminal Code"

AFTER a good many preliminary skirmishes, including the rather appalling *Numbered Men* and the very fair *Big House,* the movies have finally done a prison picture which carries conviction and a sizable dramatic shock. With commendable courage Columbia Pictures has stuck faithfully to Martin Flavin's stage play, *The Criminal Code,* while Howard Hawks' direction is crisp and telling. As the district attorney who is suddenly made warden of a penitentiary full of men he has convicted, Walter Huston is superlative.

The Criminal Code is a bitter indictment of the injustices and cruelties of the law. Sent up the river for seven years for an accidental killing, the boy (Phillips Holmes) learns that, opposed to the Criminal Code, is the code of the men behind the bars—a code which means death to the "squealer." You get a pretty good feeling of penitentiary life in *The Criminal Code,* from the jute mill to the endless tramping up and down steel and concrete passages by thousands of feet. There is a slight love story, a mere thread, even less than in the stage play, but this didn't worry the theatre manager when it was shown in New York. This ingenious gentleman got himself some electric lights and wrote the following in letters of fire over the front door:

A few drinks—two burning eyes and red lying lips turned a clean boy into a numbered outcast—years of hate broke him—love cured overnight—RKO second anniversary greater show month.

I call this downright insulting. Even when Hollywood makes a fine film the theatre owners insist that you and I are imbeciles.

▶▶"Little Caesar"

Al Capone and his team of sure-shot Chicagoans have been reproduced on the screen a good many times already, but W. R. Burnett's *Little Caesar* with Edward G. Robinson shooting his way through the title rôle is about as exciting as anything you could ask for. In many ways Mr. Robinson makes the most convincing Al Capone we have yet had. Other big shots and their molls who dart in and out of the Palermo Club are Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Glenda Farrell and Sidney Blackmer. I would suggest, however, that you wear your brass knuckles to *Little Caesar,* for this film seems to bring out the sturdier and more aggressive members of the community who have come to see a story about the Boy Who Made Good. And let me tell you that when Sergeant Flaherty's machine gun cuts him down at the end, the audience goes home mighty quiet and depressed.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Emil Jannings as a German high school teacher who runs after a vaudeville actress.

Min and Bill: Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in a more or less serious waterfront drama.

Morocco: Fine performances from Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou and Marlene Dietrich.

Laughter: Donald Ogden Stewart's dialogue makes this a delight. With Nancy Carroll and Frederic March.

New Moon: Fine singing by Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett in a dull operetta.

Reaching for the Moon: Douglas Fairbanks is often amusing but many of his jokes belong back in the smoking room.

Right to Love: Ruth Chatterton as Susan Glaspell's "Brook Evans." Interesting and unusual.

Royal Family: Vastly amusing nonsense at the expense of the Barrymore family. With Frederic March.

Tom Sawyer: Jackie Coogan, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green are simply grand as Mark Twain's characters.

▶▶"Paid"

The handsome Joan Crawford is again reducing American Womanhood to tears, this time in Bayard Veiller's fourteen-year-old melodrama, *Within the Law,* now called *Paid.* It is claptrap, but resounding claptrap, and it succeeds in re-convincing every girl in the audience that all-men-are-beasts-but-we-girls-are-really-much-much-smarter-than-they-are. *Paid* shows Miss Crawford as a sixteen-dollar-a-week clerk who is sent to the penitentiary for three years for a theft she did not commit. In jail she learns all about the law, and comes out a high-class blackmailer and crook. Finally, just for revenge, she marries the son of the man who had sent her up. Believe me, girls, that just tears the old pirate up into little pieces. I think Joan Crawford is much too good an actress for the shop-girl circuit.

▶▶"The Man Who Came Back"

If Fox had set out deliberately to ruin Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell they could have succeeded no more completely than they have in this preposterous version of the once highly successful play, *The Man Who Came Back.* This movie is so trashy, so silly, so badly cast, so implausible and so generally junky that it should have a tremendous future among those who go in for junky things. The people who slobbered over *Common Clay,* for instance, should love it. It shows how a woman's love redeemed a drunkard and made him into a generally clean-cut hero. Somehow there is something indecent about movie "love." It should be spelled "luv" and apply only to such horrible phantasmagoria as seem to exist in the minds of many movie directors.

Columbia Pictures

MURDER IN THE DUNGEON

Prisoner Phillips Holmes and Warden Walter Huston just outside the "solitary" cells of the penitentiary in "The Criminal Code"

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▶▶ Recitals ◀◀

By MARSHALL KERNOCHAN

IN THE New York music arena we have for many years beheld a curious phenomenon. This is the recital, whether it be by a singer, a pianist or a violinist. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that it is given, and is usually expected to be given, at a considerable financial loss, the object being to secure favorable press notices from well-known critics—these are to be used later on, as propaganda for the artist in securing engagements for broadcasting and for recitals in smaller cities. The number of these recitals is fabulous—through the season there are hardly ever less than two, and often as many as four or five a day. The total loss incurred by the artists, often but ill equipped to bear them, runs into figures staggering to the layman.

Let us suppose that a young artist is about to give a recital. He would, of course, not do so if he did not believe himself in possession of technic and ability, which it is his hope to demonstrate. He must engage a manager and hire a hall, both costly items. Next, he must face the fact that it never occurs to the average music lover to attend a recital by an unknown artist—so, if he would avoid an empty hall, the house must be papered. Free tickets are distributed broadcast to a list of music lovers supplied by the manager, who also secures the attendance of the critics. The recital, then, is purely a financial liability, except for advertising purposes, which offer, on the average, a doubtful reward. Why should this be so, when the performer is technically good, as is generally the case? The answer usually lies in the artist's lack of intelligence or knowledge of psychology. He is unable to realize certain essentials which have been firmly grasped by the few successful ones.

TO MAKE a favorable press, the critics must be not merely forced to attend, but also interested. They are human, and if they be interested, so will the audience. To achieve this desirable result the artist should pin it in his hat that, having acquired his technic, he must forget it. No one is interested in his technic, least of all the press, who will take it for granted in these strenuous competitive days. His performance will be listened to mainly in the hope that it will give emotional pleasure. He should, then, select music which has the power to do this, using his technic to put his emotional message across—if the latter be absent, the recital is doomed from the start—but if he possesses it, and is able to express it, his technic will receive far more favorable notice than if he merely tries to dazzle the audience with pyrotechnics whose whole reward is a success analogous to that of a circus juggler or acrobat.

Forgetting this, the young artist often plays "grateful" music, that is, music which has little intrinsic value, having been composed by pedagogs to show off their pupils' technic and whose sole virtue is that of being adapted to the instrument. Nearly all violin or 'cello recitals by young artists, for instance, contain numbers by such musical carpenters as Vieuxtemps or Popper, whose trite measures, however desirable they may be as "teaching pieces," should remain in the classrooms where they belong—in the concert hall they merely arouse feelings of ennui in the musically minded who seek bread and not dry husks.

THE reefs of failure are piled high with the wrecks of careers based on much technic and little musicianship. The true artist is one to whom technic is never the master; to him it is but a tool necessary to self-expression. The few of whom this can be said are those who fill a concert hall at will. A technical slip is as nothing to these, for they do not make those artistic slips which alienate their public.

The artist who would give a recital should see to it that he picks a program every number of which is musically interesting to himself, otherwise he cannot expect to awaken the interest of others. Also, where possible, he should avoid the stereotyped pieces whose zest is blunted by familiarity. In the literature of music there is no lack of beautiful fresh material; there are only musicians who seem much too lazy to seek it out.

IF THE budding artist, then, base his plan of campaign on such principles as the foregoing, he need feel no worry about the press notices. His interesting programs published in advance will have power to attract, and his audiences will depart stimulated and refreshed. The critics will show a friendlier disposition: they will not feel that they have merely sat through "just another recital." In this way alone he may gain the golden apple, in place of the all too frequent raspberry.

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

SIBELIUS surely should be appointed official composer for the OUTLOOK and the Association for the Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. On the subject of prohibition in Finland (and it would seem that it works quite as it does here), he said, "My only consolation in witnessing such lamentable specimens of imbecility lies in my unalterable belief that, in spite of them all, humanity, however gradually, continues to progress." Who said great musicians necessarily were half mad?

Levity aside, the Columbia Company should be the recipients of unstinted gratitude from music lovers for having given us the first recordings of Sibelius' first two symphonies, *No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39*[1], and *No. 2 in D major, Op. 43*[2], both played by a Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr. Robert Kajanus. Many people talk of the Jan Sibelius as a contemporary Brahms. At any rate these superlatively fine records will give us a chance to study at our leisure a comparatively neglected master of the orchestra whose name means nothing to far too many Americans other than as the composer of the somewhat maudlin and very hackneyed *Valse Triste*. They also serve to demonstrate beyond question that the symphony is far from being an outmoded form of expression. It is only that to use it the composer must, as Sibelius, have something to say.

Of perhaps more topical interest is the appearance on a Victor record of what is commonly called *The Mad Scene* from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, sung by Lily Pons[3]. Mme. Pons is the latest addition to the coloratura ranks of the Metropolitan Opera Company and her first performances have been greeted with unbridled enthusiasm by those who like that sort of thing. From this record (but *why* didn't they give her something a little more interesting to start with?) she seems to have an easy, true and clear voice, refreshingly free from affectation.

Another record marking the American debut on disks of a most musicianly singer is Beethoven's *Adelaide*, sung for Brunswick by Heinrich Schlusnus[4], a German baritone of whose direct, understanding and truly beautiful style I hope this is only the first example. Polydor have issued many of his recordings of Schumann, Strauss, Schubert and Wolf which Brunswick could do far worse than to re-press here. O. C-T.

1. Columbia Masterworks Set, No. 151.
2. Columbia Masterworks Set, No. 149.
3. Victor 7369.
4. Brunswick 90104.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

At the Filling Station

NOBODY knows how he saved it. One can know almost anything about a neighbor except how he saves his money. It is easy enough to say carelessly, "That fellow is a miser," or "That one is mean," or "He is probably rich because he is so stingy."

But it is impossible to arrive at the intricate balance of the honest man who has worked hard and saved a little money; enough (he hopes) to feed and cover him, to protect his pride in his old age. If one could do that, could go back to the beginning and ask, "Why did you save it?" "And what desire did you give up for this penny—for these—and all those pennies?" With the answers one would hold a man's life in his hands. Yes, and if one questioned a spendthrift as to every penny he flung away, it would be the same thing. For it is true that if you know a man's life with his money, you know what his heart is made of, what goes on in his mind and what has become of his spirit.

But we can only guess about the man who ran the Filling Station, from what he told us at the end. He told it without a word and with one gesture. Nevertheless he spoke his whole life.

He had lived to be sixty years old and during that time he had saved two thousand dollars. Well, there is nothing extraordinary about that. Any one can tell you that the world is full of them—patient, plodding men who put aside part of their wages each week.

But he earned no wages—

Well, profits, then—

So you have your first fact about him. He was the proprietor of the small business. A man who preferred to be independent, to take the risks, and be his own boss. The country is no doubt full of these men also—but they do not save so much money. They make it and lose it; they rise to the top or they go down to the bottom; but they do not depend on the steady job or the savings bank. They prefer to bet with life.

SO WE have two facts about the man at the Filling Station. He was independent and adventurous. We can even find a third fact if we go back to the beginning of the motor car. He must have been about thirty at that time, and interested in the new invention from the start. So it seems that he was open-minded as well as adventurous and independent. And to these facts about him must be added imagination. For in addition to the Filling Station he ran a little store, sold ice cream, soft drinks, tobacco and other gentle entertainments of the flesh. He looked ahead and saw the business branching out.

Obedience and self-denial must have come hard to a man like this. We can imagine him, with an eye for a game of chance, closing his mouth hard and hunching his shoulders in refusal. We can see him, with his streak of adventurousness, following the road with his look, jerking back his head at the sound of an airplane, and never moving from his job.

The women must have liked such a man and looked at him provocatively; and the bold fellow that he was must have looked again, before he quite remembered: the lighthearted ones could cost him all his resolutions. He must have thrust his hands inside his pockets and stared hard at the ground.

He begins to look like two men, finally: the one quick-blooded, eager, straining after life; the other cautious, watchful, with a whip in his hand. The old fellow and the young fellow having their silent struggle; a dollar paid for every truce.

Dollar by dollar he got the best of life, shaking his head, steadying his eye, standing where he was; adding up at last two thousand dollars.

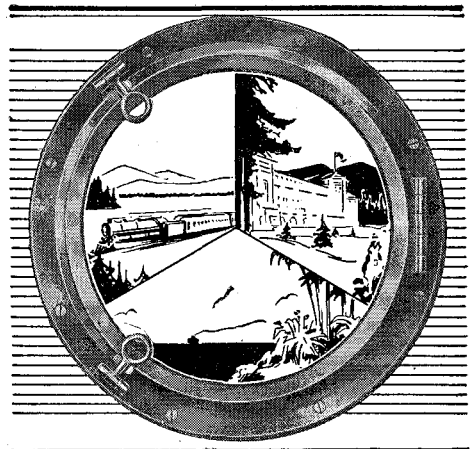
Nobody knows who learned about his savings, or who confronted him at last, one midnight. But we can guess it was a young and reckless fellow, snatching at life with violent hands; threatening and demanding that what the other had worked for was his for the taking.

The old one stood him down. He was accustomed to fighting for his savings. He had struggled against the importunities of youth and lust until he knew that he must fight them to his death. Two thousand dollars, hidden only himself knew where, saved at the cost of his secret life—what was life worth matched against it?

He fought the hold-up man like a tiger, surrounded by his gasoline tanks, his candy store, his business that he had built alone through fighting.

And in the morning his battered body was found stretched out where the young thing had left him staring coldly and unconcernedly at death. For he had conquered finally according to his habit. Under his clothes, wrapped carefully in newspaper, his two thousand dollars lay well guarded; safe, untouched.

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



Europe—and Return

This Bureau is already buying homecoming tickets for OUTLOOK readers dated as far ahead as September. ¶ Even before the great transatlantic transportation companies open their books the applications for passage Westbound have begun to pile up, sometimes many months in advance. ¶ If a European holiday is being discussed the round trip reservations should be made at once, even if two different lines are used. ¶ Agreeable parties for conducted tours are now being organized for those who do not wish to travel alone. ¶ For details of tours, railway services, etc., write Mrs. Kirkland, *director*. ¶ There is no charge for this service.

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Who Flies and Why

(Continued from Page 94)

ress and development of air transportation and commerce. In traveling with any reliaole company, you may be assured of two things: *First,* The planes are airworthy and those who maintain and fly them are competent. *Second,* Airways are being developed as rapidly as possible with aids to air navigation for both day and night transport operations.

Now a third precaution is being worked out: Not only are these aids—such as lights, intermediate fields, radio equipment, weather information—provided, but also the planes in interstate service must be operated over fixed routes provided with aids to navigation and must be equipped to take full advantage of these aids. That's what Uncle Sam in the guise of the Department of Commerce is helping provide to guarantee safety in flying.

"In the interest of public safety and the development of air transportation and air commerce," says a recent publication of the Department of Commerce, "transport organizations under the regulations to be established will be required to have the prescribed facilities available before undertaking operations. If the Government has been unable to provide the facilities, such as lighted airways, radio communication, radio beacons and weather reports, then the organization itself must take the necessary steps or await the Government's ability to provide them in the ordinary course of its airway development program. This develops a situation which is not unlike that of a newly projected railway system. The trains cannot operate until the right of way has been established."

There you have in a nutshell the reason why larger numbers of people are entrusting themselves to the air transportation companies for rapid transport from city to city. As the nation becomes even more conscious of the fact that every possible scientific and human safeguard is being thrown around transport airplanes, even the most timid will be found in line waiting for their tickets.

Bootleg Golf Balls

(Continued from Page 103)

Scotch-born professional who has won the Metropolitan and National open championships. This man happens to be a gifted teacher as well as a great competitor. A university graduate, he analyzes the problem presented by the new ball from the duffer's viewpoint.

"I'm not personally prejudiced against the balloon ball, for the excellent reason that it emphasizes skill, discounts brute strength, and stresses a scientific mastery of a wide variety of shots. Pro's who learned the game in

Scotland, as I did, should be benefited by the shift because they know how to cheat the wind and have been schooled in a versatile stroke repertoire. A ball that soft-pedals slugging and gives finesse free rein should help me and hurt my youthful rivals.

"I mention this to show you that in condemning the new ball I'm not actuated by self-interest. I'm simply sorry for the average golfer. It's all he can do to hit the present ball cleanly and keep a reasonable percentage of his shots on the fairway. His drives with the jackrabbit never endangered the strategic balance of golf or distorted stroke values. He was lucky to bang it 200 yards.

"The new ball is too light. Its lightness offsets any advantage in visibility accruing from its larger size. I speak from the duffer's angle. He will find it as difficult to control as a globe of thistledown if any kind of a wind is blowing.

"The balloon ball exaggerates hooks and slices. This fact will hobble the dub even more than the loss of yardage, for direction is not the ordinary golfer's forte. When he isn't slicing he's shoving or pulling the ball off line.

"Tests with a driving machine have shown that the lighter ball deviates five yards further from the direct line than the heavy one. This variation will naturally be more pronounced in the case of a flesh and blood duffer. He will be up to his knees in the rough most of the time. I hate to think what will happen to him when the wind blusters.

"Furthermore, it is harder to sink club-length putts with the new ball. Being larger and lighter, it is less likely to drop when it rims the cup. The smaller the ball in relation to the size

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of the hole, the larger the target looks. You couldn't miss the four-and-half-inch cup with a big marble at point blank range, but you can easily foozle a golf-ball putt of similar length.

"Through the fairway and on the green the new ball requires more accurate hitting. I'm afraid it's going to add five or six strokes to the average golfer's game, and I don't think he will stand for this upward revision. He plays golf for amusement, and failure to get his customary scores will squelch his fun and sour his temper.

"That's why the wise professional is stocking up on English balls. Our club members must be catered to. They will make bootleggers of us all unless I'm very much mistaken!"

The Battle of Youngstown

(Continued from Page 102)

ancy has a particularly rigorous code of ethics, and it is happily true that this code is, in nearly every case, more honored in the observance than in the breach.

While Judge Jenkins maintained, during the trial and in the preparation of his decision, the position that principles and not personalities were at issue, the set-up was such that personalities were bound to constitute an important factor in the scenario. A case involving such outstanding figures as Eugene G. Grace and Cyrus S. Eaton as protagonists, with Newton D. Baker as counsel and Charles M. Schwab in the background, could not help being a colorful spectacle.

Mr. Eaton proved himself a rugged and resourceful fighter. One of his toughest problems was to force into the record the facts about the princely bonuses received by president Grace and his associates in the Bethlehem management. At first it seemed that his efforts in this direction might be successfully blocked, but he kept trying until finally one of his guards battered a hole in the opposing line and halfback Eaton raced through for a touchdown.

THERE is one aspect of this *cause célèbre* which has not been clearly brought out in either news or editorial treatment of the case. That is the fact that Youngstown on the Mahoning comes fairly close to being a one-industry city. Sheet and Tube has dominated the place for years. Local shareholders cordially disliked the idea of any change which might result in the plant being closed down, or taken away, or even suffering a change of name. Certain stockholders were particularly apprehensive in regard to overtures from Bethlehem, alleging that other cities whose enterprises had been taken over by that company had been left with a bad taste in the mouth. This is doubtless one of the chief reasons why Mr. Eaton was able to rally so many followers to his standard.

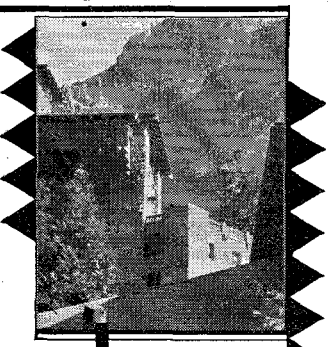
THIS menace, if such it was, is removed for the present and possibly for all time. Up to this minute neither Mr. Eaton nor Mr. Grace has given any hint of what the next step will be. Keen observers who have followed the case since the first conferences a year ago are inclined to believe that Bethlehem, having picked up a particularly hot potato, will drop it and not attempt to pick it up again. This belief is supported by the denial of reports, circulated on January 9, of new merger negotiations looking toward a two billion dollar combination to include Bethlehem, Youngstown, Republic and several other steel companies.

Although Mr. Eaton has made no comment in addition to remarking that the decision was "the only judgment on law and fact that could have been made," and complimenting Judge Jenkins on the remarkably short time he took in preparing the decision, some of his supporters have not been so reticent. They are frankly jubilant, and not at all disinclined to gloat. One of them, who appears to know his Kipling, quotes *Naulahka*: "And the end of the fight is a tombstone white," explaining that the marble shaft in this case is erected over the hopes of Bethlehem to swallow Youngstown while Youngstown was yet alive.

IN ANY event, the westward march of Bethlehem appears to be indefinitely postponed. And if Youngstown, sooner or later, is to hook up with some enterprise in line with the present strong trend toward integration, it may be that Inland Steel will take the place in the picture that Bethlehem would have taken had it been able to accomplish its aims.

To have the case disposed of is a good break for the steel industry. Stabilization could not make much real headway while Mahoning waters were so unsettled. Other consolidation plans will develop sooner or later, of course, since American industry seems determined, as that distinguished economist and statistician, Bugs Baer, puts it, to "get away with merger." But steel will have at least a breathing spell, and the next attempt at concentration is extremely unlikely to stir up such a ferment as was caused by the Battle of Youngstown, A. D. 1930.

of YOSEMITE



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Russia as a Business Rival

(Continued from Page 98)

maladjustment in North and South America, even though the inhabitants of India and China may be suffering from starvation.

Thanks largely to the shortsightedness of most of the countries of the world in building up a system of stupid impediments to the international exchange of products, Russia's increasing participation in the trade of the world is almost certain to cause serious dislocations. There is no immediate way of avoiding the difficulties which may be expected to follow. A sudden removal of tariff barriers would result for the time being in other kinds of maladjustment. The only sane method of meeting the situation is for all tariff-protected nations in concert to set about gradually eliminating the vicious system, resigning themselves meanwhile to paying the price of their past folly—a method, it must be admitted, which they have shown themselves hitherto singularly reluctant to adopt.

As a result of the effect of Russian exports on world markets, the relations of Russia with the rest of the world are likely to be under a constant strain for several years. This would probably be inevitable in any case on economic grounds alone. When to the economic tension is added the constant irritation arising from political bickerings, particularly those engendered by the propaganda of the Communist International, the situation can only be described as dangerous in the extreme. The exasperating part of it all is that there ought not to be any serious difficulty whatever. The world as a whole stands only to gain by adding the enormous potential wealth of Russia to the potential wealth of the world community, but the readjustments which will be necessary in doing so are of the kind that have nearly always in the past resulted in rumors of war. The immediate future, therefore, is something to be regarded with fear and trembling.

For Russia's part in the preservation of sanity, she should put a stop to the propagandist activities of the Communist International. As for the other nations of the world, especially those of Europe and America, they will have to begin the process (painful enough for a time but wholesome in the long run) of facing realities. Viewed without prejudice or passion, there is nothing in the existing situation that cannot be coped with by the application of a small amount of common sense. By their own admission the rulers of Russia no longer seriously expect to provoke a world revolution by means of propaganda. It seems utterly incomprehensible, then, that they should persist in antagonizing other countries by allowing the Communist International to continue its activities. It is all very well for them to say that both the International and the Russian government are separate and distinct from the Russian Communist Party. The fact is, as everybody knows, that the Russian Communist Party, whatever its technical position, can exercise absolute control of both. As for Russia becoming an economic menace to the rest of the world, the idea is absurd. With all the progress in industrialization represented by the Five-Year Plan and those that are to follow, it will be many years before she can possibly hope to establish a standard of living equal even to that of Europe, to say nothing of that of America. Meantime she will be an increasingly important importer of industrial products, and an exporter of food and raw materials—exactly the sort of combination that the great industrial aggregations of the world normally require. Only the difficult period of readjustment, necessitated by Russia's reviving exports of grain and a few other primary products (exports which are not now and not likely to be for several years as large as before the War), must somehow be weathered.

There is no adequate reason why the two economic systems represented by Russia and the other countries of Europe and America cannot exist side by side, and in the friendliest rivalry. If ours turns out to be thoroughly superior, we have nothing at all to fear; if it does not, we ought to modify it or change it.

In one respect alone Russia appears to constitute, not a menace, but a challenge. She has eliminated unemployment. It is true that her widely heralded achievement in this respect is only recent, brought about under conditions that are altogether exceptional and by methods which to our western conceptions of economic and political freedom are extremely distasteful. But it constitutes a challenge nevertheless—a challenge to the countries of Europe and America to take their unregulated economic machinery in hand, and by voluntary cooperation rather than the dictatorship of the Russian State Planning Commission, to control and coordinate it.

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of January 17, 1951

Doctors Brown, Jones and Robinson issued a bulletin Thursday certifying that Magistrate T. A. Maney, indicted several years ago, will not be in sufficiently robust health to stand trial before December, 1951.

A bill was introduced this week by Senator Granger to appropriate $100,000 for a commission to study the feasibility of converting into road building material the 890,297,462,300 bushels of wheat accumulated by the Federal Grain Stabilization Corporation.

Congressman Aristophanes Quartermaine Tod, in a broadcast Monday, admitted that, on entering public life, he had changed his name, Toddington, to Tod in order to facilitate mention of himself in newspaper headlines.

Europe Lining Up for War

(Continued from Page 101)

the peace treaties. Her army is of major dimensions and her navy is to be reckoned with. More than this, her industries are equipped to manufacture munitions for friendly nations, and she has been known to ship arms to Hungary.

Russia, too, must be considered. The Soviets may be allies of uncertain desirability, but so far as the peace of Europe is concerned they are, whether desired or not, the allies of those who would upset the existing system. Communist philosophy demands the overthrow of the capitalistic governments of western Europe, and in case of an open rupture that philosophy would become extremely active. The revisionists might be fearful of what Bolshevism would do to them in the end, but in the beginning it would certainly bring Russia to the aid of any movement to upset the *status quo*.

The visit of Bethlen and Venizelos to Angora has already been mentioned. This was followed by new agreements of some sort, the exact import of which has not been disclosed. Some observers have been quick to see the possibility that Greece and Turkey have been induced to join the ranks of the revisionists. Without them the armies of the six powers definitely committed to revision number with their reserves 10,033,000. Greece and Turkey would add 900,000. Thus the military discrepancy is not great even at the present time. When the rapidity with which trained men in the defeated nations could be armed is taken into account, it practically disappears. In the question of industrial power and political stability, however, the advantage is still with

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France and those associated with her.

These nations in opposition are also bound by the Kellogg Pact not to make war, but even leaving aside the facility with which governments can convince themselves and their own peoples that they make war for defense, there are still grave dangers to peace. Last September a large minority of the German people cast their ballots in favor of defiance of the Allies despite the certainty of foreign invasion. Continued economic depression might drive others to desperation. Nor are the dictatorships in Italy and Russia free from domestic anxiety. If the pressure of the Five-Year Plan in Russia or the progress of disillusionment in Italy should provoke an uprising, either government might be driven to the traditional choice of menaced dictators—a foreign war or a domestic revolution. There is plenty of dynamite lying around Europe.

Therein lies the real danger to European and world peace. It may be assumed that all of the existing governments under existing circumstances would prefer peace to war, but all of them are open to the charge of preferring something else to peace. To further their demands they are resorting to all the old methods which have heretofore culminated in war—increase of armament, offensive and defensive alliances, diplomatic intrigue and the exacerbation of national sentiment to the point when even war would be looked upon as a relief.

The destructive forces may be kept under control. They have been before. The United States and Great Britain have every interest in assisting to check them, but despite such pressure as these two powers have so far brought to bear, Europe is lining up in battle array. The immediate intention on each side may be merely to threaten and intimidate their opponents, but it is of such inflammable stuff that wars make themselves. If decision ever passes from the reckless hands of the politicians into the mailed fists of the military, their deadly timetables will carry the lines into battle as surely as they did in 1914.

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With Our Readers

Respect for Law

To the Editor: *Watertown, Mass.*

SIR—In the Outlook for January 7 I read with joy the article by Richard G. Knott entitled "I Am the Law and Why do You Not Respect me?" At last your delightful magazine has published a much-needed and long hoped for harangue on a subject predominant, no doubt, in the minds of some pedestrians and many motorists. This subject has certainly established itself in my mind as a rather disgusting element of many of our police departments. At best one may hope for little more than surly replies to inquiries addressed to an officer, or belligerent watchfulness from the traffic-box as one slides cautiously past it, glancing fearfully from the corners of one's eyes.

It is exhilarating to read Mr. Knott's immediate attack upon the more positive aspects of the demeanor of many police-officers. Tolerant though Mr. Knott has been of the apparent mental calibre of some of these men, it does seem questionable in many cases when one listens to the accusations they shower upon civilians, and their tone and manner of speech.

The most constructive paragraphs on the subject—in which Mr. Knott upbraids civilians who do not take the time, or interest themselves sufficiently to report cases of extreme incivility; in which he states that better and more exhaustive training should be required before a man is fitted to wear a badge; and finally, his comparison of the American police to the London bobbies—these paragraphs furnish a nucleus from which should evolve more articles on this subject.

The impatience, bombast and rudeness of our patrolmen is concrete proof of inadequate comprehension of the fundamental basis for law and order. Respect is bestowed upon those who command it.

MARION F. SYMONDS.

An Economic General Staff

To the Editor: *Cove, Oregon*

SIR—The writer of "A General Staff for Business," Dec. 31, states the crux of the problem in saying, "The immediate application of the most obvious remedy for the present business depression—namely, the finding of larger markets for our potential output of commodities" is it, but if he thinks that the world can wait for the formation and action of a staff that could and would formulate an acceptable remedy, he must naturally consider it "well-nigh insuperable."

Such a staff as suggested would certainly be well to have to ward off the next depression, if it could be trusted and endowed with enough power so as not to become a football of Congress.

But, these "larger markets" are everywhere, particularly in India and China, and all we have to do is to create a liberal buying power by rehabilitating their silver from 26c to $2.00 per ounce and the whole problem would be solved, and many other disturbing matters also.

KARL J. STACKLAND.

Stokowski-ism

To the Editor: *Princeton, N. J.*

SIR—In your issue of the 24th I note your strictures on Stokowski-ism and agree that the thing has gone over into the region of bad manners.

However, you take no account of another phase of the matter. Have you never sat during the better part of the first act of a play, wondering why you were there while late-comers crawled over you and jabbed you in the back of the neck with hats, coats and programmes? Have you never been within convenient hearing distance of some of the boxes in the Metropolitan while you thought you were listening to an opera? It was my pleasure some years ago to listen to the opera in Munich as conducted by Felix Mottl. Then the doors closed when the lights went down and opened when the lights went up. In the particular case of *Das Rheingold,* which was given without a pause, the late comer was really out of luck. But those who wanted to hear the music and went there for that purpose, heard it without the addition of extraneous noises.

It is my observation that a few people are tardy because of a mishap; the majority are tardy through sheer habit. Why should they be allowed to disturb those with whom punctuality is, if not a virtue, at least a practice?

Is it not possible that the Stokowski-ites are simply carrying the European tradition to an extreme; a thing not unusual in this land of ours?

JOHN S. VAN NEST.

More Sibelius Symphonies

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—Miss Saunders contributes a sound letter regarding my remarks in a recent article anent the scarcity of performances of Sibelius' symphonies. She, however, fails to realize that one swallow does not make a summer, and that my statement, a general one, is quite true in a general way. However, it should in fairness be said that Dr. Koussevitzky is an honorable exception. But, all our recent chances, save one, of hearing these symphonies in New York have been under his baton. Incidentally, his performances have been of uniform excellence—and he is a man of sufficient culture and artistic instinct to give them to us in an unmutilated form.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

Standing Pat

To the Editor: *Chicago*

SIR—As a subscriber to your paper I wish to take most positive exception to your conclusions as expressed in the issue of December 31 concerning Mr. Lucas' activities in trying to bring about the defeat of Senator Norris of Nebraska.

When farmers go out to kill vicious snakes and other reptiles they generally choose whatever means they think will be most effective.

Senator Norris, notwithstanding his nomination by Republicans (who by that act are no better than he) is not a Republican. Neither does his work on behalf of Al. Smith make him a Democrat and it will be many long, cold winters after this one before Norris will be welcomed into the Democratic fold.

Norris belongs with a lot of other rampant Socialistic (or worse) demoralizers whose efforts, could they finally be brought to their logical conclusion, would wreck this government and bring about the very thing that the hundreds of subversive agencies today are aiming at.

While Norris is a Nebraskan and ostensibly was elected to represent Nebraska he is supposed to represent (that is, act on behalf of) the entire United States and I say "God help the United States, for no one else can" whenever a considerable number of persons of the Norris stamp get into the halls of Congress.

FRED W. RANSOM.

Distributing Profits

To the Editor: *Circleville, Ohio*

SIR—I should like to express my appreciation of your editorial, "High Command for Business." It sounds the keynote.

We need a High Command drawn from industrial leaders themselves to supervise salaries and bonuses of directors and wages of employees and to regulate the distribution of profits between owners and the masses of workers. We could then have mass-consumption to meet mass-production. This depression has been forced upon us by the very weakness of the capitalistic system which permits a universal and unfair distribution of profits to satisfy the greed of industrial owners.

ANONYMOUS.

The Stream of Business

To the Editor: *Whitewater, Wis.*

SIR—I have read with a great deal of interest your articles on "The Stream of Business." Such articles as these mean a great deal to a clergyman, and serve as a reinforcement to anything he might have to say regarding the business conditions of the country . . . .

CRAWFORD W. BROWN.

Hard Names

To the Editor: *Bloomsburg, Pa.*

SIR—Any rum-soaked slanderous magazine, that caters only to brewers, bootleggers and degenerates, is a disgrace to the country at large, and should find no place in clean American homes.

Prohibition is poverty's worst foe and prosperity's best friend, you cannot prove the contrary.

CHARLES H. ALBERT.

Brief Praise

To the Editor *Ausable Forks, N. Y.*

SIR—I am renewing my subscription to the Outlook and interesting my friends in it because I admire so tremendously your attitude on the Eighteenth Amendment.

MARY CHAHOON.

The Dry Decade

To the Editor: *East Lansing, Mich.*

SIR—Although Charles Merz's series of articles "The Dry Decade," was published some time ago I have just read it and would like to make some comments concerning it. Merz made so many misinterpretations and unwarranted generalizations that his effort gives no true idea at all of the real prohibition situation.

In attempting to show the magnitude of the enforcement problem, he reports the seizure of 14 million gallons of illicit liquor in 1923 and over 32 million gallons in 1928, commenting that "The responsibilities of the Prohibition Bureau had always expanded at a more rapid pace than its equipment." To assume that production of illegal liquor doubled in this period is ridiculous. Improved enforcement methods resulting from experience, such as requiring civil service examination for all prohibition agents, accounts for the increased seizures, and not the unproved supposition that liquor production increased.

Also, the statistics concerning the miles of coast and boundary lines and the number of coves on Long Island and other places are irrelevant. The use of established routes of transportation is practically imperative for bootleggers. Merz disregards the fact that it costs money to transport liquor over farms, mountains, woodland, or a hundred miles of desert. When these and other facts are considered, the enforcement problem loses much of its magnitude.

An even more serious blunder is his attempt to measure the enforcement activities of the states by the amounts appropriated specially for prohibition. Merz overlooks the fact that the regular prosecutors, police, etc., of the state give part of their time to prohibition; that the same courts try the cases, the same jails house the offenders. Most states enforce their liquor laws along with their other criminal laws, the same as they did before national prohibition. From this it is clear that special state appropriations are in no way indicative of the states' prohibition activities; yet apparently Merz can give no other reason for his indiscriminate generalization that the states do not support national prohibition. His string of detached quotations from various persons grossly exaggerate this difficulty.

In giving the alcoholic death rate and the arrests for drunkenness figures, Merz should have reminded his readers that national prohibition immediately followed the war restrictions period during which alcoholic mortality dropped off over eighty per cent. Otherwise, many people might get the mistaken notion that national prohibition actually caused the increased rate since 1920. It is peculiar that he did not go beyond 1925 in giving the death rate. Had he done so, he would have revealed that in 1927 the rate had reached its normal prohibition level, more than twenty per cent below the average pre-prohibition level. Police stringency in arrests for drunkenness authoritatively estimated as at least double its pre-war ratio, accounts for the "alarming recent upturn in the curve of arrests for intoxication."

Time does not permit a complete analysis of all the inaccuracies that characterize the author's sketchy handling of the subject. Suffice it to say that most of his major points are unsupported and all of them preposterous.

JAMES P. KINTON.

[EDITORS' NOTE—Mr. Merz has taken great pains to gather the most complete library on the subject of prohibition in existence. His files contain over 20,000 clippings gathered in the past decade, not only from the newspapers but from the Congressional Record, reports of various Congressional Committees, etc. In the face of the accuracy and thoroughness of the documentation of *The Dry Decade,* we find it a little difficult to agree with Mr. Kinton's description of the author's handling of the subject as "sketchy," or his claim that "most of Mr. Merz's major points are unsupported and all of them preposterous."]

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